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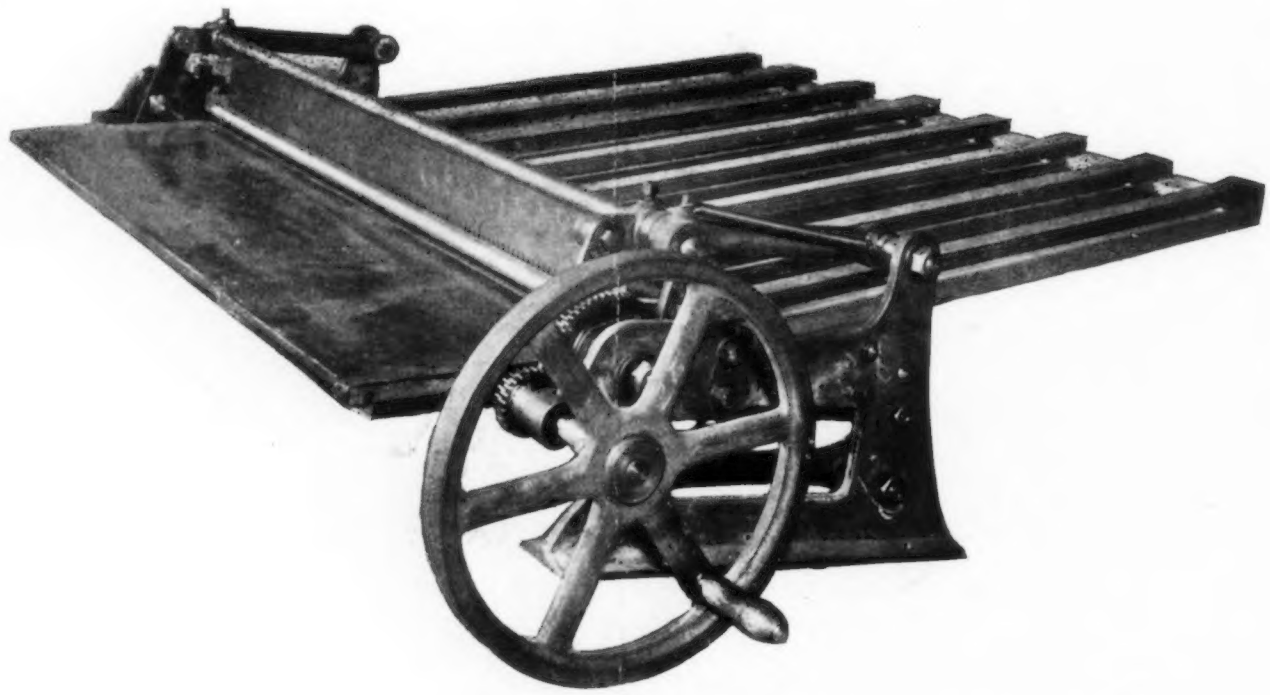

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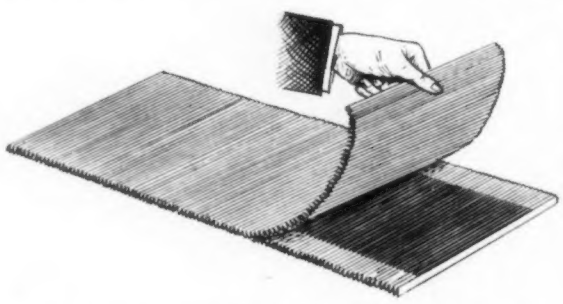

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I offer these papers at a very low price, so you can do your own Accordion Plaiting.

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H. S. BROWN

INVENTOR

92 White Street, New York

Fashion Chat

The Horse Show, with all its glory, is once more a thing of the past and has clearly demonstrated that for one week at least the horse has been again triumphant against wheel, auto or anything he pleases.

After all, the show is but a pretense for society to exhibit itself and its fine clothes, for it has been a long-established fact that the Horse Show is the pulse of fashion, not alone for New York, but for the entire country. Handsome and chic creations, the masterpieces of the most famous houses, both foreign and domestic, are put forth for the first time, and are a fitting frame for our well-groomed, well-bred womanhood.

It must be admitted that the tailor-made costume is a faithful reflection of modern manners and customs, and affirms the relative independence of the somewhat nomadic life of women as far as outdoors is concerned. It is impossible to confound us with the indoors women of the days of Louis Philippe, or with the languid beauties of the romantic period, or the sparkling women of the Second Empire.

As far as the present styles are concerned, there are no changes of a radical nature. The majority of skirts are still fitted about the hips, a fashion that is surely the most beautiful from an æsthetic point of view, but a few forerunners of the styles that are to be were seen in the shape of skirts with different kinds of fulness at the top, either plaits, tucks, shirrings, and even in the gathered "bonne femme," the latter, of course, being made only in the thinnest materials. Then again there is the becoming model of the dress suggesting the idea of the princess form, without having it.

Sleeves preserve the pretty fashion of turning back "en religieuse" a little below the elbow and pagoda sleeves are widened from the same point, in order to allow the puff of some light, thin material to fall over the wrists.

Black taffeta continues to maintain its place among stylish materials, but it is now generally admitted that the stitching with which it was covered last season was rather scant in the way of garniture. In order to better brave the cold blasts of winter it is this season trimmed with heavy woolen braid in various patterns and designs comprising circles, zigzags or Greek borders.

The bolero pursues its victorious career—in fact, it is not likely to be easily dethroned. Its n west wrinkle is the postilion or habit back, which extends from the waist over the skirt from five to seven inches. This is Paquin's latest effort. It is also made in connection with a belt confining the bolero in front, and is of various widths, plaited, plain or braided to match the bolero. This statement was made a few months ago in PICTORIAL REVIEW, and it was fully evidenced at the Horse Show.

The girl you see there in the morning is an entirely different person from the young woman who drops in during the afternoon, and the radiant creature of the evening is as unlike the other two as though she belonged to another planet. But the girl is a part of the Horse Show, nevertheless, whatever her phases. It is never without her, and were she to depart from it the horses might play to empty houses through the week.

Morning finds the horsey girl at the show. She is rarely seen at any other time or elsewhere, but she never misses the Garden while the equine exhibition is in progress. She is intelligent on the subject of the horse and takes an active interest in the animals, talking about points and classes with the confidence of an official judge, but the typical American woman has always put on her prettiest and most frivolous frocks to do honor to the horse, and it is difficult to admire the imported type, who talks "good uns" and knows stable language like a book. She looks down on the butterflies of the show, and her conversation displays familiarity with pedigrees and stables.

She is quite likely to come back after luncheon to watch some special exhibit, but when the afternoon brings its 4 o'clock crowd, she vanishes and is seen no more. The afternoons of late seasons have brought the prettiest gowns and the prettiest girls to the Garden. Of course, there is none of the glitter that comes with the blaze of the electric lights. The 4 o'clock girl is as fluffy as the young person who has preceded her is severe. She will be fluttering with lace and jingling with a purse and a lorgnette swung over her neck. She talks society-horse, which is altogether different from real-horse language. She only foreshadows the glory of the gowns which will appear after dinner.

Nearly all the gowns were elegant, and many were chic. White was worn in abundance. There was crêpe de chine, soft and with a wondrous high light, and chiffon in a thousand forms. Turquoise blue, in different tints, was much seen, and pink, if pale, was for the most part employed with a bold dash of cerise, or the fuller shade known as du Barry to heighten its contrast. The spangle, which has held its own for so long a time, seems to have given way to the cloth of gold, which has somehow crept into everything.

One of the chic gowns was of green velvet with a white satin vest trimmed with gold braid and lace. Another gown was of brown velvet with gold braid and white satin folds. Ash-gray crêpe de chine was the material employed in a very handsome toilette. The bodice had a wide, fitted corselet belt, and the dainty bolero was trimmed with bands of gray spangled guipure. The toque was of turquoise-blue tulle with blue and white ostrich tops.

Our illustration shows an Aiglon cape of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold and completed with a black velvet collar.

CLOTH COSTUMES.

(Described on page 21.)

IV. Spain.

The Spanish woman is very much occupied doing nothing. Her indolence contrasts strangely with the gay and cheerful life of the Parisiennes. She has a horror of changing places and finds work very useless and disparaging. This is, in fact, one of the Spanish traditions. The gentleman says that "when God punished Adam and Eve for their disobedience he could have discovered no greater punishment to inflict on them than to command them to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow." Indolence and idleness are considered the greatest happiness.

The mistress of the house rises late and passes the morning arranging her toilette and her coiffure. Her rooms have little ornamentation, and her furniture is selected with deplorable taste. Poor pictures are hung here and there on the simply whitewashed walls. Painting simulates colonnades and porticoes. There is nothing left of the ancient splendors of Spanish luxury.

The women do not seem to have, as with us, the taste for knick-knacks, nor the passion for comfort, as we understand it. There the sky is so beautiful, nature so rich, the air balmy with the fragrance of the gardens, that it would truly be useless to desire anything with this beautiful climate.

The Spanish woman ignores completely the passionate love of home that distinguishes her sisters of the north. Of what use are the cushions, pillows, gaily-colored portieres and screens? Currents of air passing underneath the windows and the doors bring scents of the perpetual summer. Why should there be carpets on the floors? The greater part of the rooms have brick or tiled floors with small rugs here and there, and are always clean and fresh. The rooms are very large, very numerous and often divided. During eight months of the year the shades are lowered to keep out the rays of the almost tropical sun, and the result is a refreshing and cool dimness. Here in these mysterious rooms the Spanish woman dreams, plays the mandolin, receives her friends and flirts with her admirers, frittering away her time in general. Certainly everyone will agree in thinking that this kind of life is not very conducive toward the development of the intellectual faculties, and the result is very apparent in the remarkable ignorance of the women. They do not care in

the least for the more serious pursuits. Nothing interests them except love, idleness, promenading, music and dancing. They walk along the street with an easy and tranquil gait, their faces serene and happy, and spend a great deal of time in conversing with any friend or friends whom they chance to meet.

The Spanish woman is a good and devoted mother. She loves her children tenderly, but her care for them is often misplaced. She will feed a child of three or four months in the most irrational manner, and the result is its death. It has gone to the angels in heaven and its mamma is relatively very rapidly consoled. The families are large and the fortunes modest. The void left from time to time, rarely takes, in the hearts of the parents, the proportion of an irremediable catastrophe.

On the whole, the manners in Spain are of an exquisite politeness. The woman is considered an idol. The attitude of the men toward her is one of respect and obedience, and they submit with good grace to her thousand and one petty tyrannies. They refrain, for instance, from frequenting the houses where they might meet other young ladies whose beauty would be likely to unsettle the calm state of their minds. This custom is considered perfectly natural, and nobody is surprised if a stranger, upon being introduced to a family with beautiful daughters, takes his departure after only a very perfunctory call. The young men and the young women voluntarily call each other by their first names, without this familiarity exciting any comment. On the whole, the young girls of Spain enjoy far greater freedom and liberty than do those of France. At the age of sixteen years the youth becomes a "Novio" and the young girl a "Novia." A "Novio" is not, properly speaking, a fiancé, but rather a cavalier who attends and serves his lady.

In the morning the "Novio" is in waiting at the portals of the church where the "Novia" attends the early mass, he accompanies her in all her walks and drives, and arrives, as if by accident, at all the houses she visits, a few minutes after she gets there herself. If she has any engagements to dine the "Novio" is graciously invited to participate. Thus the young men have a thousand opportunities to study the character of the young girls and the results are very few unhappy marriages, as the young people have every occasion to become acquainted with each other.

The "Novio" passes several hours each day under the windows of his "Novia," and during the long, calm evenings he converses with her through the bars that are found before every window. If she does not happen to reside on the lower floor, he takes his guitar as interpreter of his sentiments and lets this instrument speak for him in tender and passionate accents. These little concerts usually last until two or three o'clock in the morning, but fatigue is rarely felt, as ample time for recuperation is afforded by the siestas during the day.

The Spanish women have lost part of their charm with the abandoning of the mantilla and the delicious national costume. The black or white lace fastened with a high comb gives to their face a look of infinite seduction, and the dainty effect is further heightened by the addition of flowers in the coiffure. The short skirt reveals the daintily-formed foot, one of the coquetteries of the race.

Aside from the ungraceful modern costume, the Spanish woman is very pretty. The type varies in all the provinces. The Prado, the fashionable promenade in Madrid, is indeed a revelation. You expect to see voluptuous brunettes, tall, with olive complexions, somber eyes and cherry lips. Instead, you see dainty femininity, *très mignonnes*, with pale, clear complexion, some times a lit-

(Continued on page 15.)

LATEST DEMI-SEASON GOWNS SEEN AT BERGDORF & VOIGT, 125 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

(Described on page 15.)

A Yellow Rose.

By Mrs. H. H. PENROSE,

Author of "The Mistletoe Lady," "A Ghastly Experience," "A Mutual Misunderstanding," etc.

(Copyrighted 1899, by Mrs. H. H. Penrose.)

PUCK looked out of the breakfast room window, and made faces at Captain Charlton, who beckoned and held up a gaily bedizened box of chocolates. For some weeks past he had found it expedient to lay in a stock of such boxes for purposes of bribery and corruption.

Puck shook her head. She knew that he was dreadfully anxious for her to come out, and she had no idea of making her services too cheap. He was waiting on the lawn for the dogcart to come round to drive him to the station. He had breakfasted alone, and he had his own reasons for not wishing to enter the house again. He wanted an undisturbed interview with Puck. He balanced half-a-crown very enticingly on the edge of the chocolate box.

Puck disappeared from the window, and was standing beside him within sixty seconds. The half-crown was transferred to her pocket with astonishing rapidity.

"I wanted that badly," she remarked with a grave nod.

He proffered the box.

"I haven't had time to get through the last three yet," she said, accepting it with kindly indifference, "but it may be useful later on. I'm waiting to know what you want."

The knowledge of the world which she had accumulated in the course of nine years was quite surprising.

"Look here!" began Captain Charlton, and hesitated.

"I'm looking," said Puck. "I've been looking all the time."

He took a deep red rose from his button-hole—a beautiful rose just breaking from the bud.

"I want you to give that, and this note, to—"

"To Hilda, of course. Why do you make such a fuss about saying her name?"

"I'm not making a fuss about anything, Puck. Don't wait until she comes down to breakfast, you understand. Take them up to her room now, at once; and don't let anyone see you on the way. Here's the dogcart, and not a minute to spare."

"I will drive with you to the station. No one will miss me."

Despair seized him.

"Puck," he said solemnly, "I'm going to town for the day, and I'll buy you anything you like to mention if you'll only go and do my message without another moment's delay."

"Stop!" she screamed as he sprang into the dogcart. "You're not giving me time to mention it."

"Well?" he asked over his shoulder.

"A diamond tiara or a tricycle—you may take your choice. I'm very easily pleased."

She waved the rose at him as he drove off, and turned leisurely towards the house. Her pet puppy ran out to meet her, leaping and barking. She waved the rose at him, too; and, taking the gesture for an intimation that he was to make himself at home with a new plaything, he jumped up, and with one snap appropriated the head, leaving the stem in Puck's hand. A few red leaves were strewn about the lawn, but the bulk of the flower was promptly bolted by Wallypug. Puck gasped. "He'll be just raging," she muttered; "and I'll get neither the tiara nor the tricycle." Then her face cleared. An idea, brilliant in its simplicity, had occurred to her.

"One rose is as good as another," she said, and pulled a staring, full-blown Gloire-de-Dijon from the nearest tree. There were delicate flesh-tinted blossoms on the same branch, but this one was an uncompromising yellow in the outer leaves and neither in form nor color a perfect specimen of its kind. Puck was not discriminating in the matter of flowers.

She ran into the house, and up to her sister's room, on the door of which she beat a tattoo with impressive energy.

Hilda had been at a dinner party and dance the night before, and gave the word of admission in a sleepy voice.

Puck came in with her hands behind her back.

"You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself," she said, severely. "Not out of bed yet, and it's nearly nine o'clock."

"Shocking, isn't it?" said Hilda, with gentle toleration. "But I wasn't in bed until three, and then I didn't go to sleep for hours and hours."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Oh, I don't know! I suppose I was thinking of things."

"Things of this sort?" asked Puck, bringing the letter and flower into view.

Hilda's sleepiness vanished instantly. She sat up, pushing her fair, curly hair out of her eyes.

"Puck, darling," she said, "give them to me at once, like a dear, good child."

"Make a fair offer," said Puck, whose business dealings were not of a circumscribed nature.

"Anything you like, but give—give!"

"Didn't the horse-leech's daughter say that?" Puck inquired, holding back in a tantalizing manner. "Father says one ought not to repeat other people's remarks, and try to pass them off as original."

"Oh, Puck, do hurry. If you don't you shan't have anything at all."

Puck seized the handle of the door and in a moment Hilda's bare feet were flying over the floor. A skirmish ensued; the letter and rose were taken possession of, "by brute force," as Puck asserted with a dramatic gesture; Puck herself was bundled out of the room, and the key was turned in the lock.

Then Hilda tore open her letter, and read many burning words. She had been interrupted at the beginning of an important conversation with Captain Charlton the night before, and he, feeling that he could not run the risk of other interruptions, had written to her in the small hours.

"I have always felt," he said, "that an officer's first duty is to his own regiment, and that he should remain with it, taking his chance of humdrum work or desirable active service. But if you refuse me, I know I shall not have the courage to remain here, where I may see you constantly. Right or wrong, I shall volunteer for Africa, and think myself fortunate if I have the luck to do a day's work under Kitchener. Possibly your father will blame me, but you will understand. Still, I don't think it will happen. I think you care a little. I believe if there had been time last night you would have given me a word of hope. I trust your eyes. Only I dare not be confident, because I know how small are my deserts, and I want to be sure of my fate the first moment I see you again. I can wait no longer. You have promised to be at the Uffingtons' ball to-night. If you mean 'Yes,' wear the rose I send you with this by Puck."

There was a great deal more, but that was the important part of the letter.

Hilda took up the rose from her knee, and examined it with a smile of the tenderest derision.

"I don't think it will fall to pieces before evening," she muttered doubtfully. "But what a color!" She stood before the looking glass in her dainty night gear, and held the yellow leaves against her yellow hair. "Fancy choosing that rose for me to wear! He requires a great deal of instruction." Then she kissed it, and put it in water with extreme carefulness.

"If it were a dandelion," she said, "I would wear it—for him."

* * * * *

Colonel Weatherley was not in the best possible humor that morning, and had a snarl ready for the world in general—a snarl that became particularly vicious when reference was made to certain of his officers who had just volunteered for active service.

"I believe," he growled, "that Charlton is the only man in the regiment who sees with me the absolute immorality of the practice. If the underlying idea was carried out to its logical conclusion the service would fall to pieces. This volunteering destroys esprit-de-corps; it is merely the outcome of restlessness and personal ambition. Personal ambition should not exist in the service. A man should never regard himself otherwise than as part of his regiment."

"I suppose if he's the head part he doesn't mind," observed Puck, with her elbows on the table.

Colonel Weatherley endeavored to fix her with a stony stare, but she was not to be fixed.

"Captain Charlton went up to London this morning," she said, with disturbing intent. "Perhaps he's on his way to the fighting, too."

"Don't talk about what you don't understand, child," said her mother.

"Don't talk about anything," said her father. "Eat your breakfast."

"I've eaten it," said Puck the irrepressible. "I'll begin again if you like, but I'm afraid if I do I shall be ill."

"You'd better run away if you can't be silent," said Mrs. Weatherley, nervously. "Why," she inquired of the tea-pot, as Puck vanished,

LATEST SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 21.)

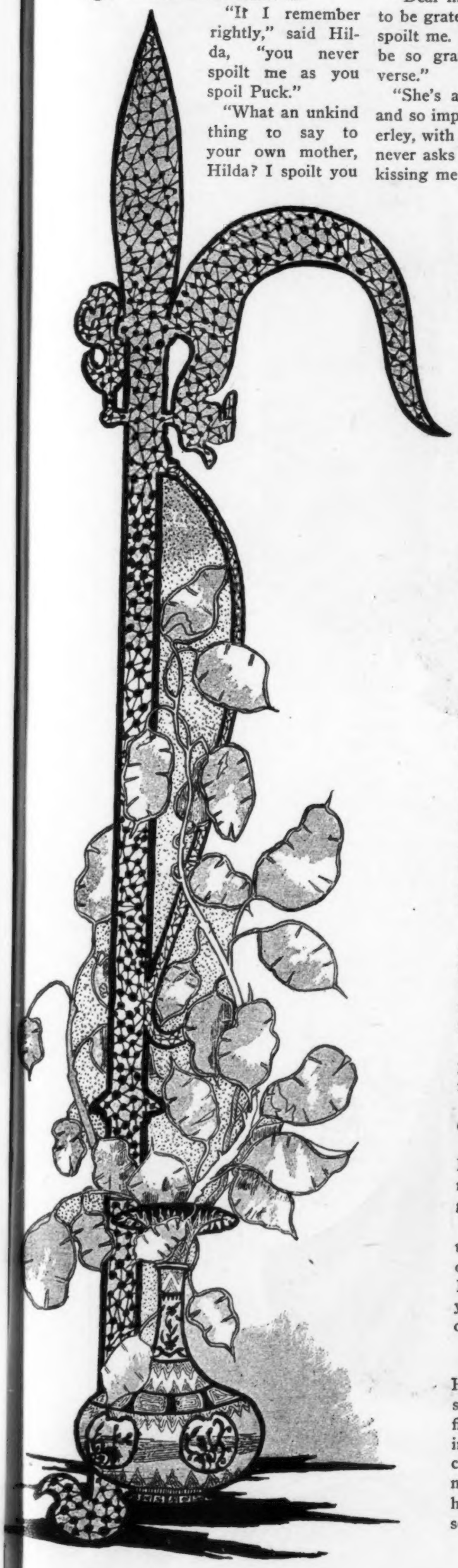
"are children so different? Hilda never gave me any trouble at that age. I don't understand it."

"If I remember rightly," said Hilda, "you never spoilt me as you spoil Puck."

"What an unkind thing to say to your own mother, Hilda? I spoilt you as well as I knew how, but I wasn't used to children then."

"Dear mother, I shall never cease to be grateful to you for not having spoilt me. I doubt if Puck will ever be so grateful to you for the reverse."

"She's a dear, affectionate child, and so impulsive," said Mrs. Weatherley, with plaintive emphasis. "She never asks me for anything without kissing me in the sweetest manner."



"I haven't noticed her kissing you when she doesn't ask for anything," observed Colonel Weatherley, cynically. "No doubt she'll be a charming person to live with in ten years' time."

"Why did Captain Charlton sleep and breakfast here?" asked Mrs. Weatherley, making an unwise choice of a fresh subject.

"Because I asked him," snapped the Colonel.

"It was dreadfully late, you know, mother, when we got home last night, and Captain Charlton drove with us. It would have been heartless to let him go on to the camp."

Hilda blushed furiously as she spoke, and her father glanced at her with a twinkle of very grim humor in his steel-gray eyes. He guessed how the land lay, and he approved of Captain Charlton, which explained a good many things.

"I suppose you are going to drag me out again to-night," he said. "There's a dance on at the Uffingtons', isn't there?"

"Yes, father; I hope you don't mind very much?"

"Would it make any difference if I did?"

"Certainly it would. I'd coax mother to take me instead. No! I'd get Puck to coax her."

"That would be a failure. Puck can only coax on her own account. Never mind. I'll take you. A man can die but once."

* * * *

Twelve hours later Hilda Weatherley was standing in Lady Uffington's ball room, paying scant attention to a crowd of would-be partners who hovered about her. She wanted to reserve all her waltzes for Captain Charlton, who was coming towards her at that moment. He had only just arrived and she waited for him, palpitating and glowing. The yellow rose was fastened conspicuously at the left side of her bodice; and, that there might be no mistake about it, she wore no other flowers. She felt every step of his progress across the room, with her eyes fixed demurely on her card, and she knew that, within six feet of her, he paused suddenly.

Then she looked up, and the smile of encouragement was frozen upon her lips.

He was staring at her, staring at the rose, with a look in his eyes that she had never seen before. His face was white and set. Already one or two people had turned to look at him. Hilda tried to speak—to say his name and give a commonplace greeting in an ordinary tone, but her tongue was momentarily paralyzed by an undefined fear, and before her first word was formed Captain Charlton turned away to recross the room. She watched him go with an overwhelming sense of misunderstanding, saw him draw Colonel Weatherley aside, and followed the two men with her wide, frightened eyes as they left the room together.

"You are feeling faint," said the man standing nearest to her. "Let me find some cooler place for you."

She took his arm without any volition of her own, and he led her to an ante-room with a wide-open window. She refused wine, pleading a headache, and begged him to leave her alone.

She sank on the window seat, partly hidden by curtains, and escaped observation until her father, after fruitless searching elsewhere, caught a glimpse of her dress, and descended on her.

"Alone?" he asked, in evident surprise, as he drew aside the curtains. "What on earth are you doing here, Hilda?"

"Only resting. I was not—not very well. Shall we go home?"

"Presently. I want to ask you something first."

He took the vacant seat opposite to hers, and passing couples who saw the man's foot protruding from beneath one curtain, and the toe of a white shoe from beneath the other, concluded right that very serious business was being transacted beside that open window.

"I want to know," said Colonel Weatherley, "what you mean by playing fast and loose with Charlton?"

"Has he said that I have done so?" asked Hilda with a sudden access of dignity.

Colonel Weatherley saw her eyes blazing in the half-light.

"Certainly not," he said; "but I can judge for myself. Up to yesterday you and he were behaving almost like an engaged couple. To-night the young fool comes and tells me that he is going to save Kitchener the trouble of taking Khartoum. At least he means to offer, and if Kitchener won't have him, he is going to exchange into another regiment. Whatever happens, he won't stay where he is."

"Did he give any reason?" asked Hilda, relapsing into a weak tone.

"He said something vague about a disappointment, but not until I pressed him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—that's all I can say."

"You think that I have refused him," said Hilda, steadying her voice by a great effort. "I have not. He asked me—in a letter—this morning. I have neither written to him nor spoken to him since."

"Did he ask you to write?" Colonel Weatherley was softening over her evident distress.

"No."

"Then what did he ask you to do—I mean in the way of answering him?"

"To wear a rose he sent me with the letter. And I am wearing it. Oh, father, there is some dreadful misunderstanding."

Her father took her hand and held it. He was not often demonstrative. "Who brought you the rose and letter?" he asked sharply.

"Puck."

"Then there's some deviltry at the bottom of it. We must not let him leave us, Hilda, for want of an explanation. He went back to Aldershot an hour ago. Probably he is writing to the War Office this minute—"

"Then there is no time to be proud," said Hilda, seizing him by the arm. "You must go and stop him. You must bring him to me. Drive straight to the barracks. I will go home and wait for you."

She had not long to wait, but it seemed long to her. Mrs. Weatherley had gone to bed early. Only one servant was astir, and that one looked respectfully puzzled when Miss Weatherley arrived alone. But there was a bright fire in the drawing room, burning for cheerfulness rather than warmth, and Hilda crouched beside it, glad of the company even of live coals. Presently she heard welcome sounds; her father came into the room alone, and she sprang up to meet him, trembling all over.

"He won't be persuaded that there can be any mistake," said Colonel Weatherley; "but he is here. Shall I send him to you?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she said, and almost fell into the nearest chair.

Then Colonel Weatherley left her, and after the passing of an interminable minute the door opened and closed again. Captain Charlton came and stood before her, but the hard, white look had not left his face, and again the words died in her throat when she tried to speak.

"I am so sorry you have been annoyed on my account," he said icily.

INDOOR DRESSES.

(Described on page 21.)

"I quite understand how it is. Colonel Weatherley is kind enough to dislike the idea of my leaving the regiment. He has guessed more than I intended, and he has persuaded you to reconsider your decision. You have sent for me only to please him, and I have come only to set your mind at rest, to assure you that I am not the man to profit by a forced consent."

"You are quite mistaken," Hilda faltered. "And I have no idea where the misunderstanding lies. You asked me to answer you by wearing your flower—"

"And you did not wear it. That was my answer."

"But I did wear it," cried Hilda, the color that had died away rushing into her cheeks again.

Captain Charlton's eyebrows went up. Hilda had never before seen him look thoroughly disagreeable, and she shrank from the revelation of another side to his character.

"You go far to please your father, Miss Weatherley," he said, every word cutting like a knife. "It will be a relief to you to find that, much as I respect any assertion coming from you, I still prefer the evidence of my own senses. I suppose you have done what you believed to be your duty, but I cannot bear much more of it. Let me say good-night and good-bye."

Even then, perhaps, if Hilda had held the hand he offered to her, and said the words, "I love you," he would have believed her against every other evidence, and perhaps an older woman would have seized the one remaining chance of saving two hearts from breaking; but Hilda was very young, and already her shy pride had been sorely violated. She felt that she had gone more than half way towards an understanding, and that she could go no further. She only touched his hand mechanically as he touched hers, and he left her without another word.

She was almost unconscious when her father returned to her more distressed and puzzled than before. He made her drink some wine, and had the wisdom to hurry her to bed; but he came to her again as she lay awake and tearless, staring at the moonlight on the wall, and he sat beside her until daybreak.

"I don't know what to make of it all," he said. "I'm afraid it's something very like temporary insanity. The poor fellow is laboring under some crazy delusion that I am trying to force you to marry him against your will. When he was leaving he assured me that you had done everything I could have wished and begged me not to trouble you any more. What midsummer madness!"

"He talked like that to me, too," said Hilda, and her voice had taken, oh! such a flat, hopeless tone. She was living through her first trouble, and it seemed to her that the end of all things was at hand. "He said I had sent for him to please you, and he almost sneered at me when I said that I had worn his flower. It seemed that he did not believe it; although the flower was still in my dress, and he was looking at it."

"You said Puck brought it to you, didn't you? I'll be bound she could explain the mystery if she liked. I'll swear she's at the bottom of it. She wakes early. I'll go to her room as soon as I hear the servants stirring, and I'll make her tell me all she knows."

"You are very good, but it won't be any use," said Hilda, in the same dull, level tone. "Nothing will ever make any difference now. Do go and try to get some sleep, father. You will be so tired. Don't mind about me. I suppose people go on living no matter what happens—and that is just the worst of it."

He did not contradict her despair, because he remembered how he had once entertained the same feelings himself, although that was a long time ago. He, too, had once thought that nothing could make any difference, and that life was a curse, and he knew that no one could have persuaded him to a contrary opinion then. He had learnt in the course of the years that life holds many things worth considering besides the one great passion that comes to nearly every man and woman of strong and deep nature, and he had full confidence that his daughter would learn the same lesson; but he respected her young sorrow too much to preach to it. Those children are fortunate whose parents have the gift of remembering their own youth with a just appreciation of the magnitude of its emotions.

Puck, unconscious of the havoc she had wrought, was just thinking of getting out of bed at half-past six o'clock when she heard a knock at her door which she answered with a guilty affectation of sleepiness. She liked it to be understood by the household that she got up early because she was virtuous and self-denying, not because she liked to enjoy the morning hours undisturbed by those in authority over her.

She was somewhat more than surprised to see her father enter, and quite overwhelmed by a sense of approaching catastrophe when he brought a chair to the side of her bed and sat down. She had sufficient courage to treat him with a considerable amount of flippancy in the presence of others, but as a rule she avoided being alone with him. She was afraid of him; and still more afraid that he would find it out.

"Puck," he said, bending forward as if for a confidential chat, "I want you to tell me exactly what happened yesterday morning—I mean about the messages Captain Charlton gave you for Hilda."

She was on the defensive at once, ignorant as to why her father wanted information, and afraid of committing herself in any direction.

"He gave me the messages and I took them. That was all," she answered, sullenly.

"But there has been some mistake, and we think that perhaps you could explain it. Did you deliver the messages exactly as you were given them?"

She had almost forgotten that her puppy had eaten Captain Charlton's rose, but she remembered it quickly now, and instantly it flashed into her mind that she ran some risk of being defrauded of the present Captain Charlton had promised her. It took her no appreciable time to make up her mind that wild horses should drag no confession from her, and she offered a front of steel to the enemy.

"He gave you a letter and a rose, didn't he?"

"Well, I suppose that was no harm?"

"That isn't the point, child. Don't imagine you are going to be scolded for carrying the messages. They were perfectly innocent. What I want to know is whether you gave them correctly—whether you meddled with them in any way."

"Not likely. I wouldn't be bothered meddling with Hilda's old love letters. I'm sure they're all stupid nonsense."

"But the rose? What color was it?"

"I didn't notice. He's always sending her flowers. I never knew one from another."

"You took it straight to her? You're sure you didn't drop it?"

"Quite sure. I held on to it tight."

She made this assertion with great relish, for though she did not hesitate to tell a lie when she considered that the occasion demanded one, still she preferred telling the truth, because it seemed a cleverer thing to do. And it was quite true that she had not dropped the rose. Wallypug had snatched it. She had held on so tight that the stem remained in her hand when Wallypug devoured the head of the flower. It was plain that Captain Charlton suspected something wrong, and intended to "back out" of the stipulated reward. A diamond tiara or a tricycle being at stake, it was not to be expected that she should assist him on his road to discovery, and, after a fruitless half hour, Colonel Weatherley left her, having made no advance towards the solution of the mystery.

* * * * *

The weeks went on, piling them-

(Continued on page 15.)

"LUCILE."

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"ORTRUD."

Mr. E. Weingreen will, on December 15th, commence a sale of Jackets, Scarfs, Muffs and all kinds of fashionable furs at greatly reduced prices, and will continue this sale until stock is sold.

805.

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"ROMOLA."

Mr. E. Weingreen will, on December 15th, commence a sale of Jackets, Scarfs, Muffs and all kinds of fashionable furs at greatly reduced prices, and will continue this sale until stock is sold.

BRIDE'S AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Described on page 21.)

(Continued from page 5.)

tle rosy, blond hair often darkening to a chestnut, and blue eyes.

The fashion of the fan has, happily, not passed, the climate necessitating its use. The manipulation of the fan is certainly a Spanish art, she uses it with an inimitable grace and is able to express a whole novel in pantomime. It becomes language in her hands, meaning love or disdain, joy or *ennui*. It never leaves her, even in her sleep, and at her devotions in church she uses it with the same grace, multiplying the signs of the cross and adding fervency to the orisons.

On the whole, her faith is very exalted, and she loves material representation. She contemplates with fervor the cruel barbarities, the Christ nailed to the cross, the Madonnas in regal garments of lace and jewels.

In manner the Spanish woman is affable and simple.

After quitting Madrid let us say a word in favor of the Manolas, a race that has almost entirely disappeared. These are truly beautiful women, with melting, dark eyes; olive complexion, of almost Oriental appearance, covered with jewels, garlanded with coral and presenting a superb appearance.

The further south we go the more the type becomes mauresque. On the *Alameda* in Granada we encounter the true brunettes, with glorious dark eyes, almond-shaped and fringed with long black lashes. They move along with a gentle, gliding walk like troubled and mysterious fairies.

The *Gitanas* are very numerous in Granada and remain wild and untamed in the center of civilization. The type without being beautiful preserves an extraordinary purity of the race. The complexion is swarthy and tanned, the lips of a glowing scarlet, the eyes ardent and melancholy. They live in a happy-go-lucky fashion on the proceeds derived from the sale of amulets.

In Malaga life is more joyous than in any other city, and the beauty of its women is justly celebrated. They have complexions of an even transparency and their faces wear an expression at once grave and passionate. Their figures are of beautiful, almost classic, proportions.

In Malaga, as well as in the entire peninsula the Spaniards take an almost fanatic pleasure in bull fights. This bloody spectacle does not shock the feminine beholders, who follow the entire proceedings with an extreme interest. It is, indeed, remarkable to watch the changes in the sweet and smiling faces and see how they encourage the toreadors in every possible manner. Their applause is almost frantic, and they throw the victor flowers, scarfs, fans—anything they may happen to have in their hands, and if nothing else is convenient, they hurl their tiny satin slippers into the arena.

The women of Sevilla are gracious and coquettish. In the depths of their clear, dark eyes lurks an intense, burning fire. Their smile reveals even, white teeth; their walk is swift, rapid and alert; their manner has the assurance of perfect breeding. They have slender, but admirably proportioned figures, and very small hands and feet, while the complexion is one of dazzling freshness.

The women of Cadiz approach the Grecian models, those of Valencia are blonde and pale like the daughters of the north, voluptuous Valkyries, with blue eyes and a sad, sweet smile.

In conclusion let us say that the Spanish woman is a marvellous flower of love, a flower that does not think nor reflect; but is content to be beautiful.

* * *

NOVEL CREATIONS AT BERGDORF & VOIGT'S, 125 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

The distinguishing difference between excessive extravagance in dress and elegant simplicity is a point which is rather difficult to determine this season. So much of what is known as style depends on lavish expenditure that it requires very fine discrimination to achieve anything like a happy medium. It is a great pity, but it is true, that clothes are a great factor in the adjustment of values when they become a question in the world's estimation of woman's appearance. Any woman is fairer in new clothes than in old, and while it may be a weakness to court the world's favor in the matter of dress, it is a great power in her life, the value of which she cannot ignore.

Bergdorf & Voigt, the well-known firm of ladies' tailors, 125 Fifth avenue, must certainly be in league with this sentiment of the season, for they have a great display of most tempting novelties, and many beautiful creations in demi-season gowns.

On page 6 of this issue we take pleasure in illustrating some of their newest effects, particularly suitable for Southern trips after the holidays and demi-season wear.

* * *

The average man would rather lose $5 on a horserace than a nickel through a hole in his pocket.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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(Continued from page 11.)

selves into months, and the battle of Omdurman was fought, and all England read the list of killed and wounded.

The Weatherleys did not talk much about that list, for Captain Everard Charlton's name appeared under the heading: "Severely Wounded," and it was tacitly recognized that there might be a limit to Hilda's powers of endurance. Hilda, of course, saw the papers as everyone else did, but it was much to her that she was not expected to discuss their contents, even with her garrulous mother. She was thankful for the grace of being allowed to eat her heart out in secret and in silence.

It was one day later on in the autumn when she was not in the room—but Puck was—that Colonel Weatherley told his wife an item of news which had just reached him. Captain Charlton had come home and was with his own people at Richmond. He was making a very slow recovery, and was not expected to be fit for anything for many months; but the glory of a D. S. O., in Colonel Weatherley's opinion, more than compensated for shattered health.

Puck listened and took mental notes. She knew Richmond, having visited friends there more than once. She had plenty of pocket money, and, most important of all, she had a very bad pain in her conscience. It had been increasing for some time, fed by the sight of Hilda's pale misery, and after the battle of Atbara it had become almost unbearable. Confession at home was not to be thought of; but something must be done, and she regarded this news as her opportunity. Next morning she did not appear at breakfast, and about the time when search was being made for her at home a small unexpected visitor arrived at the Charlton's house.

She had a struggle to obtain permission to see the invalid son, who was the center of care and solicitude to the whole household; but, after much reasoning and imploring, she found herself taken by the hand and led to a room where her old friend was stretched on an immensely long sofa.

"Colonel Weatherley's little girl has come all the way from Aldershot by herself to see you, Everard," said Mrs. Charlton, "and I thought you might like to have her with you for a few minutes. Not if it tires you, of course," she added anxiously.

"It won't tire me," he said, and Puck shook hands with him very gravely. She was very painfully impressed by the ghost of his voice and the ghost of himself, and she longed to get the business of her visit over.

"Please may I see you alone?" she asked, with solemn importance. "I won't let him talk," she assured Mrs. Charlton, "and what I have to say won't take more than five minutes."

"Very well; not more than five minutes, honor bright," said Mrs. Charlton, answering a glance from her son; and she went away, leaving him to Puck and his happy fate.

"I want to make a confession," said Puck, in such a hurry that her words tumbled over each other. "But first you must tell me, had that red rose any meaning? Did it matter whether Hilda got exactly that very one? You mustn't speak, you know. Just nod your head or shake it."

He nodded.

"Well, Hilda never got it. Wally-pug snapped it from me and chewed it up; and I picked another rose and took it to her instead. Next morning I knew something had happened because Dad came into my room ever so early and bullied me to tell him what mistake I had made; but I wouldn't tell, because I thought if you found out you would never give me the diamond tiara or the tricycle; and the next thing I heard was that you had gone away to the fighting, so there would have been no good in telling them. Hilda is miserable. She has been miserable all the time. And you're awfully hurt. And perhaps it's all my fault. Is it? Is it? Just nod or shake again."

"What color was the rose?" he asked with dry lips. "I mean the rose you picked instead of mine."

"It was a yellowish thing. Did the color matter? I never thought of that at the time."

Mrs. Charlton came back and held out her hand to lead Puck away.

"Mother," he said, "I want you to send a telegram for me, and Puck will stay to lunch."

The telegram was to Colonel Weatherley, and said: "Puck is here, and has explained everything. Will you come to fetch her?"

A mid-day train brought Puck's father, and he in his turn telegraphed to Hilda.

It was late in the afternoon when she arrived, and what happened after that needs no telling.

* * * * *

Early in the New Year there was a wedding, at which Puck was chief bridesmaid, although she did not deserve to be; and the bridegroom, whose income was not sufficient to compass a diamond tiara, gave her the most delightful tricycle she could have imagined in her wildest dreams.

* * *

A man generally asks his wife's advice about his new fall hat after he has bought it and has given away his old one.

Experience is the pay a man gets for making a fool of himself.

A baby is like a crop of wheat: It is first cradled, then thrashed and finally it becomes the flower of the family.

The widow's veil isn't always a vale of tears.

HINTS ON DRESS.

A well-chosen effect, even in simple or inexpensive materials, is often more successful than where every item is of the best and in the latest fashion. Some women never acquire the art of selection. They choose millinery because it is pretty, or by reason of its becoming style, and, even if the coloring may not clash, it does not seem the right thing in the right place.

Shapes which harmonize are quite as important as harmonies in color. A large, spreading hat with full plumes may suit the wearer, but it may be quite the wrong shape for the coat or wrap. A full, voluminous wrap, be it cape or coat, requires small, compact headgear, or if the figure is made short and squat. With this type of mantle the toque is best, and it should be thrown up by slender raised trimmings at the side or in the center.

The skirt, too, should be close-fitting, and very long, and then you have the stylish effect of a long, close figure, with the mantle forming the center piece. In this style the big, wide wrap takes its proper place, and does not make the wearer appear broad or stout. But take a shorter skirt, not so tightly drawn to the figure, and a picture hat with plumes, and you create a short, broad figure, with no redeeming lines of grace.

The large plumed hat must be worn with a bodice or coat tightly fitted, and showing the neck and shoulder lines. No matter if a fur boa conceals the actual lines; in fact, this is more becoming, because it accentuates the neck, and detracts from that "top-heavy" appearance produced by a much trimmed chapeau.

Let me suggest a few toilettes for winter wear for different types of figures, and thus illustrate my theories. Take, for instance, the matron of generous proportions, but not exceptionally stout. Possibly her waist may be twenty-eight or twenty-nine inches, and her hips very large, and her height only a moderate one. If she dresses well, I should advise a cape of sable or mink, and with it a little front of soft old lace, with high folded collar, which is put on over the dress.

The skirt should be dark in color, made quite tight-fitting, and very long, and a dark long silk petticoat must either match or contrast in color with the gown. A deep purple gown, with petticoat of slightly lighter shade, is very elegant.

For the toque a rich, deep purple velvet, relieved by a white osprey, a wisp of old lace, and a good steel or paste buckle. The light color must be kept quite small and narrow, and well to the side or center. If it spreads, the chic idea is lost.

The gloves can be in a dull tan or cane tint, and the stout or full-figured woman should not carry a muff; neither should she indulge in a boa or a fur scarf. The high, wide fur collar, partially drooping away from the neck, and showing a glimpse of the folded lace and the gold chain over it, will be much more becoming, and quite warm enough for the coldest weather.

And now for the reverse picture of a tall, slender girl. Here the skirt may be shorter, with only the back trailing a little; and a sack coat is piquant with a wide boa of white or gray fox. A large hat, put on well over the face, may have a center rosette of color, and the gloves should match the fur. For a blouse very dark colorings are best for the costume, the relief being of white or gray, but only one little touch of other color, such as a chou of palest blue in the hat.

The brunette may have bright colors for her costume, such as a bright purple, mulberry, or even red, but relieved with black or brown. A red coat or costume should be trimmed with black, the hat black, slightly relieved with red, the furs black or darkest brown. If the brunette wears black, she must relieve it with ermine and a very yellow lace, and have a chou of vivid red or yellin her toque, and repeat the bright color for her petticoat.

* * *

GIRLS' DRESSES.

Gowns for girls between the ages of ten and fifteen are especially interesting to the mothers who have to make them, and although there is nothing very new or original among the models, they are prettily modified editions of the older gowns and very attractive.

For school dresses the Scotch plaid wool materials, which come in an unusual variety of colorings, are very much employed, and so are the fine tweeds, serges and smooth cloths which are so serviceable. Corduroy velveteen is another very popular fabric which shows some variety in colors; but the shades of gray and brown in all the tints, from a dark color to the palest tan, are most desirable.

STREET GOWNS.

(Described on page 21.)

SOIREE GOWNS.

(Described on page 21.)

SOME SECRETS OF THE PARISIENNE'S GOOD GOWNING.

In one of the latest issues of a prominent French fashion journal there were contained some secrets of the toilette of the Parisienne which will surely be of interest to our readers.

The fashionable French woman takes much more care with the details of her gown than with the gown itself, be it intended for the street, the drawing-room or the ball-room. And just here lies the secret of the indefinable something that makes the French woman so attractive, although in point of beauty she cannot be compared to the women of other nations.

The aristocratic German or the conservative English woman may often pay a larger sum for the dress itself, but only the French woman understands the combining of all the details into a perfect whole.

Her gowns, hats, gloves, etc., issue a delicate fragrance, never strong enough to be annoying or obtrusive, and it is very seldom a definite perfume, but rather a faint whiff of a combination of ambra, orris root and orchid.

In nine cases out of ten the petticoat is far more costly than the gown itself, and of the five or six pairs of corsets she always has made to order the cheapest costs from 80 to 100 francs ($20 to $25). She realizes more than the women of any other nation that the best efforts of Worth or Raudnitz are wasted unless the foundation, the corset, fits faultlessly.

The factory girl of Paris, who has her corsets made to order by the most insignificant corsetière, has a better figure and displays more taste in her dress than the high-bred English lady or the German baroness.

The French aristocrat may verily be termed a high priestess of fashion. Everything is chic, costly and of a conservative elegance. The narrow batiste cuffs and collar that complete her tailor-made gown cost 50 francs, and the delicate, fragrant, cobwebby handkerchief shows the daintiest hemstitching and an embroidered border that took an experienced needleworker weeks to make. Every stitch of her underwear is made by hand, and only very, very few French women will wear machine-made lingerie.

Underneath the loose blouse she always wears a perfectly-fitting corset cover of batiste or white silk. The petticoats must not have the slightest wrinkle at the hips, as that would mean the ruination of the fit of the dress skirt.

No French woman considers her skirt complete unless the inside of the skirt proper or of the drop skirt is trimmed with a balayeuse of silk or mousseline de soie.

Perhaps she pursues the most original method in the selection of her hats. With the aid of a mirror she studies the side view carefully, and if the silhoutte is perfect she purchases the hat, even if the front view is not becoming. On the street the aristocratic French woman appears only in dark colored gowns, and for church wear she prefers black.

At balls, ceremonial dinners and at the opera she appears in décolleté, but never on any other occasion. The taste to dress in perfect harmony is inherent, and her inimitable chic lets us forget that her complexion lacks the brilliant coloring of the women of the north.

GLEANINGS FROM ABROAD.

Quite a becoming visiting gown is composed of shrimp pink drap de zibeline; the corsage, with slightly bloused front, has a yoke of plaited rose taffeta, the material edging the yoke being bordered with black and gold cord. At one side of the corsage are round, disc-shaped ornaments of black and gold cord, with tassels of the same. The side panels of the skirt, as well as the back, have a small tucked yoke, but the front gore remains plain. On the right side between the seam that joins the front and side gores is a small panel of side-plaited rose taffeta, and above this the material is prettily draped.

Still more original was a Directoire costume of purple panne satin cloth. The draped Directoire revers and the vest were of white satin embroidered with mauve, and the collar was a narrow affair of white panne, with slightly rolling edge. The chemisette was of plaited mousseline in a delicate mauve, and the same shade of panne velvet was used for the stock collar. The shape of the coat or corsage, whichever you prefer to call it, was decidedly unique, the fronts being short and curved away, while the back formed a long, square amazon basque. The skirt is arranged in box plaits, whose edges are held down with herringbone stitching in mauve silk to within about twelve inches from the hem, where they spring out into the necessary fullness.

Several becoming hats are among the newest creations. They clearly show that velvet and panne are much in vogue for the large, flat, draped toques, with gold passementerie as a favorite garniture.

CHIC WINTER HATS.

(Described on page 21.)

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as we use the nom de plume or name you wish us to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Catherine.—The best thing you can do, under the circumstances, is to paint the discolored skin with peroxide of hydrogen twice a day. This will gradually bleach it. Wash the neck well with warm water and oatmeal soap twice a day, and after drying, apply the peroxide. Give up wearing such high collars; have the dresses cut low in the neck, and if you must wear something round it, a little fine lace or chiffon will be the best materials.

Mrs. J. T., Conn.—You have a beautiful dining room paper, and I should certainly advise you to treat the frieze in imitation of old ivory. If you can, with a very fine brush, introduce a few touches of brown, it will make it still more realistic. I am quite sure that dark electric blue curtains of velours are the only thing that will harmonize with your paper. If your furniture is mahogany, you would not like a tapestry covering for the chairs. Flamingo red leather would look better than anything, but failing this, or if it is too expensive, have a frisé velvet in electric blue.

Louise J.—A few drops of carbolic acid added to the bath will cool and heal eruptions, and frequently, after two or three applications, drive them away. The odor is not pleasant, but it soon evaporates and its presence may be concealed by the use of some perfumed toilet water.

Hostess.—A dainty cold luncheon suitable for the afternoon may consist of chicken salad served with small finger rolls or thin buttered sandwiches; after the salad come ices, cake and fruit, and a small cup of black coffee is usually served last. The most popular manner of serving a luncheon of this kind is at small tables daintily covered with luncheon cloths or with only an embroidered center-piece, showing the polished wood all round. Small bowls of flowers on the tables are very decorative.

Inquirer.—Castile soap and orris root, equal parts, will make a cleansing and fragrant tooth powder. If desired, an equal part of precipitated chalk may be added, this compound being highly recommended by physicians.

Miss Alice W.—Apply this hair tonic: Cologne, eight ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, one-half dram each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

Jessie W.—The only real cure I know of for blackheads is the use of the camel's hair face-scrubbing brush with warm water and a pure hygienic soap. Use the camel's hair face-scrubbing brush every night. Immerse the brush in warm water, rub the soap on it until you get a good lather, scrub the face for a moment or two, rinse thoroughly with clear warm water then apply a good cold cream or skin food. All this should be done at night just before going to bed. If you have the correct brush it may make the face a little tender for a day or two, but not longer.

Mrs. W. J. A.—Part the little one's hair in the center and curl the back hair over the finger or a curling stick, tying the front curls away from the face with narrow baby ribbon. Her dresses should reach to the instep.

Dressmaker.—Stiffening must not be put in the bottom of the gown proper when a drop-lining is used, but the latter must be stiffened with a four-inch band of haircloth.

Fairie Belle.—Sailor collars, with or without revers, made of linen batiste and trimmed with Cluny or Russian lace.

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IN
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Social Observances and Etiquette.

ENGAGEMENTS.

It is a noticeable fact in society life that short engagements invariably follow the announcements of marriages arranged, long engagements being the exception; that is to say, six weeks is a very average length of time and six months an unusually long period for their duration. Short engagements are supposed to offer many advantages and long engagements, on the contrary, to entail many drawbacks, especially those few that extend to nine and even twelve months.

A girl's position during a six weeks' engagement is a very favored one. From the time of the announcement of the marriage to the wedding day she is occupied with receiving congratulations and wedding presents and with preparations for her trousseau. She is allowed to spend as much time in the society of her intended husband as his occupations admit of. If he is an idle man, as the phrase goes, that time is considerable; they walk and drive and pay calls together, and dine and spend the evenings in each other's company at the houses of their mutual relations. A marked change has taken place between now and formerly in this respect, and parents place little or no restrictions upon the daily meetings of an affianced couple, so soon to become man and wife. A girl has very little inclination under these conditions to appear at balls and dances unless given by one or other of her relatives. She does not wish to make herself conspicuous by dancing with no one but her lover, neither does she care to dance with others when he is present, nor does she wish to see him paying attention to other girls, and so she wisely confines her evening society engagements to family dinner parties or to theatre-going. He is sent in to dinner with her as a matter of course, and equally as a matter of course they talk together the whole of the evening.

All this is allowable and arranged for during a brief engagement, but during a long engagement these privileges are greatly modified, and the position of an engaged girl is on a somewhat different footing. A girl cannot withdraw from society for ten or twelve months, neither can she devote herself to the man she has engaged herself to as she might do during a short engagement, and he has to share her society with others, more particularly at balls and dances. Again, during a long engagement parents very properly object to allowing their daughter to appear constantly in public—walking, driving, cycling, or skating—with a man to whom she is engaged, but who is not able to marry her for some time to come, as, should the engagement be broken off eventually, the position of the girl under such circumstances has to be considered from a conventional point of view. On the other hand, she is privileged to accept any invitations to visit his parents, or any members of his family, with or without her parents or other relatives, for long or short visits, as may be arranged. Formerly it was considered necessary for the mother of an engaged girl to be included in the invitation given; not so to-day. She can be invited with or without her mother, as convenience dictates.

During a long engagement it is not possible, even if an engaged couple reside in the same neighborhood, to invariably invite them together. The friends of the man may be but slightly acquainted with the girl he is engaged to, and her friends may be in the same position towards him; or neither side may be inclined to patronize a long engagement, as prudent people shake their heads oftener than not over these protracted events. The rule of sending an affianced couple in to dinner together holds good whether the engagement is a long one or a short one, and this is perhaps another reason why it is not always convenient to invite them together, as they take the place of a married couple without adding to the sociability of the gathering, as a married couple invariably does.

It is now usual for engaged people to allude to each other as "Mr. Blank" or "Miss Dash"; the term fiancé being considered out of date and somewhat second-rate, is therefore seldom made use of.

When an engagement is a short one, as soon as it is announced notes of congratulation are written to the bride and bridegroom-elect by the several friends of both, and opportunities are generally made for introducing the engaged couple to the relatives on either side with whom they are unacquainted. It rests with the bride's parents to do this, and a dinner party is given or an afternoon party, to which the bridegroom and his nearest relatives are invited; besides which, the engaged couple call together on the friends of both families for the purpose of being introduced; but during a long engagement these introductions are only gradually made, and often deferred until the date of a marriage is fixed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In Doubt.—It is a generally accepted fact that the lady precedes the gentleman in going up stairs and the gentleman precedes the lady going down, but it is by no means an arbitrary rule, because a gentleman should stand to one side and let the lady lead the way if she so desires. This in reference to her going up stairs. You were correct in thinking that the gentleman should precede the lady going down stairs or in getting out of carriages, cars or trains, because in this way he can be of more service to her, and can ward off from her any possible accident.

Mrs. T. A.—The bride's mother should wear a gown of silk or some light wool material, handsomely trimmed with lace, or a black net and lace gown over some color. It must be made high in the throat, with long sleeves, and there should be a jet bonnet or one of lace so small as to look more like a headdress than a bonnet. She should take pains to have herself becomingly gowned, but not to wear too brilliant colors.

Bride.—In sending out announcements of a marriage with "at home" cards the cards should read "Mr. and Mrs. Blank at home," instead of merely "Mrs. Blank," as is the case with an ordinary afternoon tea card. The fact of the wedding being very private does not alter, or rather should not make any difference in the arrangements for the ceremony. The clergyman should enter a few moments before the bridal couple and take his position in that part of the room where the ceremony is to be performed.

Miss Kate S.—Such a plan as you propose would inevitably cause hard feeling. If you really intend to have a very small wedding the best plan is for you to write a personal invitation to whoever you wish particularly to be present, and then after the wedding send out announcement cards. The truth is that everybody in the family expects to be invited to a wedding—not always to the reception, but to a wedding in church—and it always seems as though the invitations might be practically unlimited.

L. D. R.—Full evening dress is required both for groom and best man at an evening wedding—the conventional dress suit, with white tie and white or pearl gray gloves. The sack suit would not be correct, and even for an afternoon wedding a cutaway or frock coat would be better.

Inquirer.—As it is not customary to announce the fact of a broken engagement in any public manner, we cannot give you the form for such a statement. The usual plan is to tell your more intimate friends of the fact that you are no longer engaged to So and So and are not receiving congratulations upon the affair. This will be all that is necessary, and as it is not usual to give the reason for the breaking of these engagements, you are not obliged to say anything further about the matter.

Subscriber.—Yes, one should remain gloved during a business conversation with a lady at her own home, for as your visit is purely on business and not social, you will not be expected to shake hands. It is an act of courtesy for a gentleman about to shake hands with his hostess to remove his gloves, but this is quite a different case. Written cards are not good form for either man or woman to use; the engraved cards are correct. The third person is always used in formal correspondence and in many business notes, but in writing a letter when the third person is used care must be taken to preserve the third person throughout, for otherwise the note will seem inelegant and unfinished, and is decidedly ungrammatical.

* * *

WHY SHE WAS SHADOWED.

Just two weeks ago she was in Paris collecting souvenirs from the booths of all nations. To-day she is tripping down the familiar thoroughfares of the south side. She is going to the house of the old French woman who lives in the small street and who boarded the pet canary while she was away. Her Paris-made gown (such a creation as one sees on the cover of the illustrated modes) tempts many of her sex to glance back. When she turns in the small street she makes a startling discovery. She is being shadowed by a dark man with a fierce imperial.

"Gracious!" she breathes. "Why didn't I let Marie bring the bird? He is following me, and there is not a soul in sight."

She glances back timidly, only to meet the dark eyes of her shadower. Terrible thoughts find a place in her excited mind.

"He will kill me," she says to herself, "for my watch and purse."

His heavy footsteps tell that he is only a few paces behind. In desperation she screams. Her shadower is at her side in a moment.

"Madam!" he exclaims, in a rich, southern voice.

"Here!" she says, holding out her little green purse, "take it, but please don'tharm me."

He frowns and then smiles.

"Did madam think me one robber?" she asks, his dark eyes ablaze with amusement.

"Aren't you?" she asks, glancing up slyly.

"Certainly not! No! no!"

"But you followed me?"

"Only to get ze better view of madam's magnificent gown. I am one ladies' tailor. I make ze gowns; I see ze styles with interest. Will madam honor me by taking one of my cards?"

Descriptions of Plates.

CHIC WINTER HATS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 1.—Evening hat of white tulle and lace trimmed with a white aigrette and gold buckle.

Fig. 2.—Round hat of silver gray velvet, the crown encircled with folds of darker gray velvet and narrow gold braid. The brim is draped with velvet and is raised at the left side with a soft rosette of dark velvet.

Fig. 3.—Turban of spangled castor cloth and mink fur, trimmed with a rosette of panne and gold buckle.

Fig. 4.—Turban of golden brown velvet trimmed with fancy brown and tan plumes and a large gold buckle.

Fig. 5.—Sheperdess hat of felt, trimmed with cloth drapery and velvet piping. A large gold buckle holds a plume.

CLOTH COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 306.—Costume of velvet and cloth. Waist of velvet edged with fur and opening over a vest of contrasting material. Puffs of contrasting material. Skirt of cloth arranged in fine tucks and trimmed with three rows of braid. Front gore trimmed with velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 307.—Costume of ladies' cloth. Waist tucked and trimmed with velvet ribbon. Large collar of ecru lace. Vest of cream chiffon and velvet ribbon. Sleeves of the same combination. The skirt has a flounce headed with velvet ribbon and lace. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

PROMENADE TOILETTES.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 308.—Toilette of castor broadcloth. Eton jacket edged with black and gold galoon and trimmed with narrow soutache. The fronts have small, vest-like extensions of panne of the same shade as the cloth which are trimmed with gold buttons and gold braid. Wide belt of black panne. Skirt with inverted plait in back is trimmed with galoon and soutache. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 309.—Toilette of broadcloth. The lower edge of the Eton is cut into scollops that are trimmed with stitching. Collar and revers of velvet with narrow gold braid. Sleeves with velvet flare cuffs. Skirt plaited in back and stitched down. The hem is bordered with brown velvet trimmed with gold braid. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

LATEST SILK WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 310.—Waist of pastel blue taffeta. Edges of the fronts laced over a soft chemisette with velvet ribbon. Trimming of lace insertion. New sleeves trimmed with insertion, puff of mousseline; fitted cuffs. Pattern, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 311.—Waist of royal-blue taffeta tucked horizontally in clusters, the edges bordered with gold and black galoon. Vest and stock collar of cream mousseline. Tie of black velvet. Sleeves with puffs of mousseline. Narrow cuffs banded with galoon. Pattern, 50 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 312.—Waist of tucked pink taffeta. Bolero of lace with black panne rosette. Sleeves tucked in clusters and trimmed with lace ruffles. Pattern, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

INDOOR DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 313.—Toilette of Bordeaux-red cloth. Blouse has deep yoke edged with band of gold embroidery; lower part is tucked. Rows of stitching finish edges. Small gold buttons. Sleeves of cloth. Lower parts of velours crystal. Belt and narrow cuffs of velvet. Skirt trimmed with bands of stitched cloth. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 314.—Toilette of ladies' cloth. Blouse tucked in clusters. Chemisette and stock collar of cream lace. Large collar of velvet, edged with fold of stitched cloth. Cloth sleeves with velvet cuffs; puffs of mousseline de soie. Skirt tucked in clusters, springing out into flounce at bottom. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

BRIDE'S AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 324.—Braidesmaid's gown of rose-pink crêpe de Chine. The Eton has a yoke tucked horizontally and the lower part is tucked in lengthwise clusters, alternating with lace insertion. Soft bow of cream mousseline de soie. The sleeves are tucked and have turned back lace cuffs and mousseline puffs. Wide belt of pink panne. The skirt is tucked in clusters alternating with lace insertion and has two ruffles at the bottom. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 325.—Wedding dress of ivory white satin. The corsage has a lace yoke and is trimmed with lace and chiffon ruffles. Lace sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with fan-plaited chiffon and large rosettes of the same. Full chiffon ruching at the hem. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

STREET GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 326.—Gown of broadcloth. Blouse with vest of tucked panne. Edges trimmed with stitching, velvet straps and gold buttons. Sleeves of the same combination. Skirt trimmed with velvet straps and buttons. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 327.—Gown of plaid suiting. Eton with postillion back trimmed with velvet and gold buttons. L'Aiglon collar of velvet. Bishop sleeves with narrow velvet cuffs. Pattern, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SOIREE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 17.)

Fig. 328.—Gown of peau de soie. Décolleté corsage, with fichu garniture of mousseline de soie. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles headed with jewelled galoon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 329.—Gown of crêpe de Chine. The corsage is mounted on a small yoke shirred at the top. Scolloped bertha trimmed with ruffle and appliqué. Skirt is shirred at the top and trimmed with appliquéd net, embroidery and jeweled galoon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

MISSES' PARTY DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 23.)

Fig. 277.—Dress of organdy or face. Décolleté corsage trimmed with mousseline ruffles and black velvet straps. Sleeves of mousseline. Mousseline ruffles on skirt. Pattern corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 278.—Dress of crêpe de Chine or veiling, trimmed with lace insertion, or of striped taffeta. Lace ruffles trim corsage and skirt. Long sleeves. Narrow black velvet belt. Pattern corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 279.—Costume of lace and mousseline de soie. Corsage of lace with drapery and rosette of mousseline. Same materials combined in the skirt, which is trimmed with mousseline ruffles. Pattern, corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents; cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FROCKS FOR TINY FOLKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 330.—Jacket of white cashmere, with embroidered edges. Pattern, 50 cents.

Fig. 331.—Coat of beige broadcloth trimmed with ecru lace. Large collar of lace edged with plaited Liberty silk ruffle. Pattern, 50 cents.

Fig. 332.—Coat of white Henrietta cloth. Cape collar trimmed with lace insertion and ruffles and narrow fur banding. Pattern, 50 cents.

Fig. 333.—Dress of white veiling, trimmed with bands of material through which dark blue velvet ribbon is run. Pattern, 50 cents.

Fig. 334.—Coat of white cloth, trimmed with lace insertion, fur and taffeta ruffles. Pattern, 50 cents.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 335.—Frock of cashmere perforated in star pattern. Blouse waist mounted on yoke of tucked taffeta. Pointed bertha edged with lace. Dark velvet belt. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 336.—Dress of dark-brown cloth. Blouse waist trimmed with narrow gold braid and gold buttons. Yoke of tucked taffeta in contrasting color with small gold buttons. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 337.—Dress of pale-blue voile. Blouse accordion plaited. Yoke trimmed with feather stitching in dark blue silk. Ruffle of blue velvet edged with narrow cream lace. Sleeves with fitted cuffs, trimmed with feather stitching. The skirt has a round yoke with feather stitching, to which the plaited lower part is attached. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 338.—Misses' dress of ladies' cloth. Blouse box-plaited and trimmed with small gold buttons. Chemisette of taffeta in contrasting color, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. Sailor collar, trimmed with ribbon and edged with fold of contrasting color. Belt and puffs of the sleeves of velvet. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 339.—Dress of light colored cloth. Blouse box-plaited. Narrow vest, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Revers and chemisette of stitched cloth. Round collar, trimmed with velvet ribbon. Skirt and sleeves trimmed to match. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents.

CHILDREN'S DRESSY FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

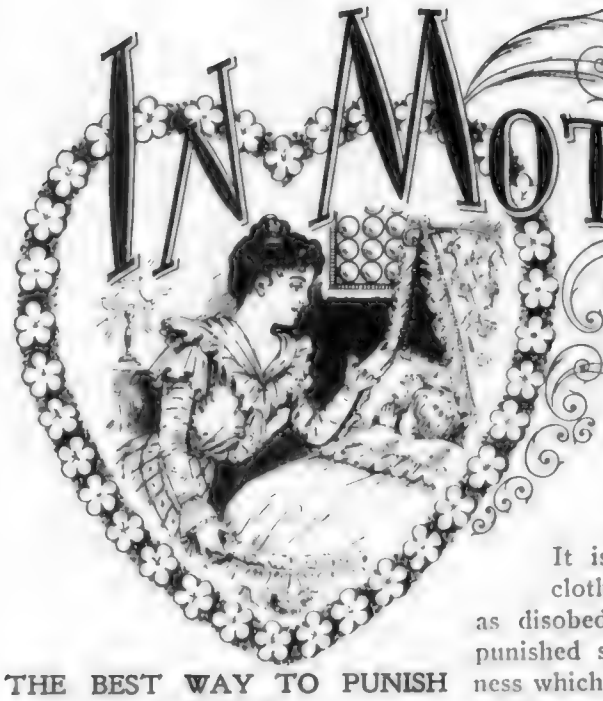
Fig. 340.—Frock of pale-blue crêpe de Chine. The blouse is tucked at the waist and the fronts cross in surplice effect, the plastron being trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Sleeves tucked from elbow to wrist and trimmed with ribbon and lace. Skirt plaited all round. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 341.—Frock of figured woolen goods. Blouse waist trimmed with velvet ribbon. Large collar ornamented with a ruffle and velvet ribbon. Sleeves tucked at the top, puffed at the elbows, terminate in fitted cuffs trimmed with ribbon. Skirt trimmed with ruffle and velvet ribbon. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 342.—Frock of biscuit cashmere. Blouse tucked horizontally. Sleeves trimmed with epaulettes and velvet ribbon. Skirt tucked at the top. Sash of velvet ribbon. Pat-

(Continued on page 24.)

IN MOTHERLAND



THE BEST WAY TO PUNISH CHILDREN.

LET us have a talk about the correction of our children. We don't like to think that they need correction. It would be very much pleasanter if we never had to punish them, but I am sure we are all agreed that the course of true love is to train them, even though it be by suffering. The problem is to "make the punishment fit the crime."

In a busy and very harassed life the temptation is not to distinguish quite justly between the things that annoy us most and those which are most wrong in themselves. The child may have done something which annoys us terribly, and the next day something far more sinful, but which does not touch our own feelings at all. Now, if we punish more severely for the act which has irritated us than we do for that which was more actually wrong, we are not teaching the child truly.

So we must discriminate. It annoys us dreadfully when a favorite ornament is smashed, when the new clothes are torn, or when the boy comes in with dirty boots just as we have cleaned the passage up for Sunday. But none of these things are so wrong as an act of disobedience, as an untruth, or any form of deceit, and they must be differently dealt with. It is sad to see that the accident which annoys us is rewarded by a blow, while the act of disobedience is passed over too often with only a murmur of regret, "there's no doing anything with him," or some exclamation of that sort.

We must learn to be judicial—to separate our own feelings entirely from the question before us, and here comes the first difficulty; it is a difficulty which meets us over and over again. I am sure that what we want is to think of our children's characters and actions, and to teach them to think of them in that way too. Their wrong-doing will not then be measured by the irritation of our own feelings, but by reference to the law of kindness, the law of truth, the law of right.

We see at once that punishment must be graduated. Every wrong has not the same sin about it. It is wrong to destroy new clothes, but it is not so sinful as disobedience, and must not be punished so severely. A carelessness which needs control occasioned the breakage of the vase, but it was wilful intention which dealt the angry blow and hurt the brother or sister. The child must be taught the difference, and we shall do this best by letting the punishment spring out of the wrong-doing as far as possible. A man gets drunk, and he has a headache the next morning; a woman gives way to selfishness, and she is forsaken by her friends; a man tells a lie, and finds that no one trusts him. The sin brings its own Nemesis, keen and painful enough to make us dread the sin which brings about such consequences.

Now apply this to our children. The frock is torn, the vase is broken! Let the girl, if old enough, mend the frock, and have the mortification of wearing the darned or patched garment. An old lady of eighty told me she had never forgotten the lessons her own mother gave her when a child of twelve. She had just been given a new bonnet. It was in the days when poke bonnets were all the fashion, and she distinctly remembered this one with its green ribbon. For some reason it did not please her, and so when she got it into her own room she set it on a chair, sat upon it, and jumped up and down until it was completely crushed. On Sunday, when the usual time came for going to chapel, she appeared in her old bonnet, and had to confess that she had made the new one quite unwearable. Her mother wisely sent her upstairs, made her put the bonnet on, and wear it at chapel. It was quite enough—no other punishment was needed, and the lesson was quite enough—no other punishment has been broken otherwise than by pure accident, it is generally enough to have the pocket-money saved up to replace it, or some little act of self-denial suggested which shall give an equivalent in its place.

In no case should a blow or slap be given. I have said we must be judicial; we must not let our personal feelings mix up with our modes of correction. A slap, a blow, savors too much of personal feeling, and the child's sense of wrong is confused because it thinks more of your annoyance than of the wrong it has done. There are only two things which seem to me to merit personal chastisement: Actual cruelty and lying. Actual cruelty, because the cure for inflicting physical suffering must be through the culprit's own physical pain, and for lying because it is so difficult to make a child realize the magnitude of this sin without attaching some distinct penalty to it. With these exceptions, enough punishments can be found without the use of the rod or hand.

It needs time and patience; for, as the Eastern proverb says: "Time and patience can turn the mulberry leaf into satin," and so judgment and patience can guide the most unruly child into paths of self-control. I often think that in the lives of busy working women it must be terribly difficult to train children wisely, because it needs so much time. It is not always possible to take the hands out of the dough or the wash tub and sit down with the children at our knee to settle a wrangle and show them where they were wrong; a blow and an angry word are so much quicker, and seem at the moment quite as effective.

With elder children, the right and wise method of finding fault is a far more difficult matter than it is with the little ones; and to choose the right time for doing it has often not only to be looked for, but waited for, because there is nothing that so angers, irritates, and hardens big girls and boys as the being found fault with before their companions, or in the presence of strangers. It hurts their vanity and sorely wounds their self-respect, even though in their hearts they know perfectly well that they deserve a rebuke, for youth is ever sensitive of its budding dignity. The wise correction of her nearly grown-up, and even quite grown-up children is a subject that gives many a mother much thought and anxious consideration, especially in this present day of liberty and individual rights, when the reins of authority in almost every instance have been, and are being, so greatly relaxed. "But," I hear some reader exclaim, "young people must and should be found fault with when they do wrong." True, perfectly true, but, to quote words that we must all have heard spoken by our own or other people's big children: "What's the use of scolding?" "None," we at once admit; still, though we allow that there is no necessity for, nor good in scolding, it is without doubt the duty of every parent and person in whose guardianship young people are placed to point out to them any fault they may have committed, and not only this, but they should also both show them a way of and help them in overcoming their fault, or faults—a

(Continued on page 24.)

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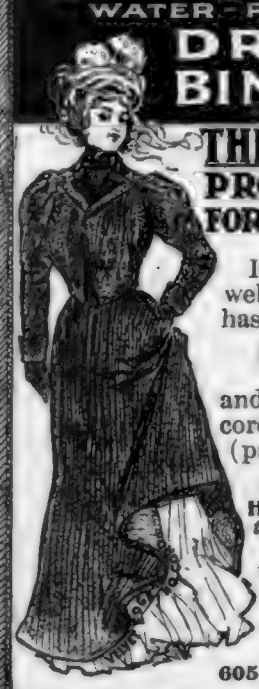
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MISSES' PARTY DRESSES.

(Described on page 21.)

FROCKS FOR TINY FOLKS.

(Described on page 21.)

(Continued from page 22.)

duty which, if neglected, will be bitterly repented of some day. In the fulfilment of this duty a wise person will ever remember the word in season—how good it is, and what good results it has, just as good and beneficial as the word out of season is useless, if not harmful. It very seldom does to find fault with big children at the moment when the fault is committed if others are present; much wiser is it to pass over a thing in silence for the time being, to even appear not to see what is done or hear what is said. To speak hastily is very often to speak inadvisedly, and thus anger is aroused, which, perchance, may not be confined to one side only. Words may be spoken, too, when this happens, by which the influence of the one and the respect of the other may be weakened, if not altogether destroyed. The right time to find fault, to point out a mistake, is when parent and child are alone together, in those moments of quiet confidence which every parent should try and find occasionally—nay, if necessary, should make, at any sacrifice of convenience or pleasure. For words can be spoken and will be listened to then with an amount of attention that they probably would not receive at any other time. It is not easy to guide and lead the children when the nursery and schoolroom days are passed. Youth, when on the verge of man or womanhood, is apt to think that it can stand and walk alone; at any rate, it likes to try and do so, and before doing what it is told, wants to know why it should. Constant fault-finding affects young people in different ways. In some it arouses anger; in others, indifference and carelessness. They come to look on it as "mother's way." "She is always doing it," they tell themselves and others. In whatever way they take it, the results are injurious to both parent and child. The habit of finding fault continually grows until it becomes part of one's nature—so much so, indeed, that in time it ceases to be confined to the children, and is applied to servants and neighbors, friends and acquaintances, indiscriminately.

(Continued from page 21.)

tern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 343.—Dress of plaid suiting. Blouse arranged in box-plaits and mounted on round velvet yoke. Pointed berthe trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. Bishop sleeves. Fitted velvet cuffs. Skirt trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon at the hem. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 344.—Dress of cloth. Blouse tucked at top, where it joins the lace yoke. Garniture of velvet ribbon and gold buttons. Bishop sleeves with narrow velvet cuffs. Skirt laid in inverted plait at each side and trimmed with velvet and buttons. Pattern, 75 cents; cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

THE FATE OF THE FAIR.

Why are almost all girls tall nowadays? Or, perhaps, one should rather say, how is that modern maidens are so much more developed than those of a generation or two back? We have been assured that it is because they take so much more outdoor exercise, and because they go in for physical training, that they have literally grown up in this extraordinary fashion. This, at all events, was a very gratifying explanation. It pleased a great many people to have this theory deduced. But we are never suffered to hold any theories long nowadays. Somebody is always ready with some other that disproves it, or with an explanation that destroys our former belief. Thus, one of those deplorably unromantic persons who revel in horrid prosaic facts, that knock down all our prettiest and most poetical theories, has discovered the *real* reason why girls are so much taller at the end of the century than they were at the beginning and middle. The truth, we are told, is that they eat twice as much as their predecessors! A small appetite used to be considered *de rigueur;* to be hungry, *per contra,* was vulgar. But the modern maiden makes no pretence of living on air, or love, or meringues, or jelly, or whatever unsubstantial fare it was that was supposed to nourish the girl of other days. She has a good hearty appetite, and she is at no pains to conceal it; indeed, she rather vaunts it than otherwise. A good dinner she thoroughly appreciates, and when she can get meat she never trifles with fripperies. There is doubtless a great deal in this very prosaic explanation of an obvious fact. But if it be true, then, we must keep our girls well in hand. "Increase of appetite," the immortal maker of apt quotations has told us, "grows on that it feeds on," and if our maidens continue to develop good appetites and engender them by much outdoor exercise, the women of the future will be a race of giantesses.

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

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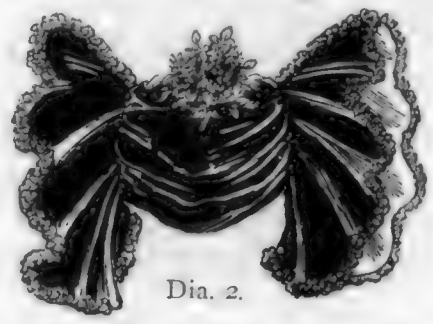
PRETTY HOME-MADE MUFFS.

A muff is considered to be a necessary of life by the average woman in the winter season, be it chill or "muggy." Is not a muff the complement of a winter costume, which is not "finished" without it? A muff of good fur runs at least into several dollars—more, this year of really large muffs. Then there is another disadvantage in a fur muff—to look well it must match the boa or the fur on the coat. We may have a very nice beaver muff in its box; but how can we use it with a sable scarf or a caracul-trimmed coat?

Wealthy people, of course, have their furs in sets; all portions of a set match with a beautiful correctness, which whispers of hundreds of dollars. But we cannot all afford beautiful furs, which have to be guarded with as much care as the

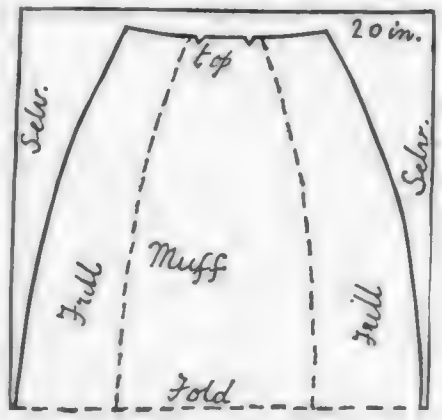


Dia. 2.

family diamonds—that operation alone meaning sums laid out annually. But there are dainty little muffs which we can manufacture for ourselves at a trifling cost, and which go well with most costumes. These, this winter, are carried out chiefly in velours du Nord, which is about the handsomest and most durable material for the purpose.

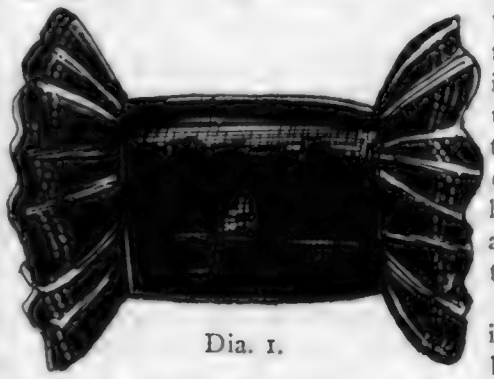
However, the diagram of the charming little velvet muff, illustrated on this page, Diagram 1, I have prepared for ordinary 20-inch black velvet. I am anxious always in my suggestions to save expense, and as this muff goes exactly into a 20-inch material, and one yard is required, it would be a pity to purchase a yard of 42-inch velours du Nord for the purpose. It might be suggested that half a yard of 42-inch velvet be purchased, as a well-made seam in the middle of a draped muff would not be noticed. This can be done, but there should be no seam, for it would spoil a little the grace of the deep frills.

The pattern of the muff is in two pieces—the muff and its lining. The



lining should be cut in wadding, and should be covered with blue silk. The darts at the double notches should be seamed. This is the bottom of the muff. The top edges (single notches) should be seamed together. Turnings should be allowed in the blue silk to turn over the opening edges to be herringboned on the wadding.

The top of the velvet muff is seamed apart from the lining above described. This seam must be pressed open over a hot iron. The seam only extends to the space between the dotted lines. Before doing the seam the frill part (the edges as far as the dotted lines) should be lined with blue silk, the edges of velvet and silk being turned in and slip-stitched together. Then the muff is gauged or pleated at the dotted lines to fit the wadded lining. The line of pleating or gauging is firmly secured to the



Dia. 1.

edge of the lining. A bouquet of violets hides the top seam.

The edges of the frill can be left nicely slip-stitched, or they can be trimmed (as illustrated) with a doubled rouleau of caracul, or with a ruche of chiffon or ribbon. It is as well not to use fur, as it might clash with the fur on the jacket, a fur toque, a boa, etc.

Diagram 2 is a muff of velours du Nord (one-half yard). The upper part of the illustration shows the muff (made of a band of velvet mounted on wadded lining) edged with two double frills of velvet, interlined with muslin and stitched at the edge. The third illustration shows the muff decorated with a satin ribbon bow and a bouquet of flowers.

HOW TO MAKE FOLDS.

Folds should always be taken on the true bias of the material, for, when taken on the straight, a perfect fold cannot be made. There is a little knack necessary to handle the fold properly in order that it may not stretch and thus lose its shape.

To make a plain fold of velvet, silk, etc., cut crinoline on the bias and make it the same width as the fold is to be when finished. It is absolutely necessary that the edges should be perfectly even, for every little defect will show when the fold is finished. The material must be cut from three-quarters to one inch wider than the crinoline and is basted on the crinoline in such a way that the material projects evenly on both sides. The edges are then basted over the crinoline and cat-stitched to position. A very thin layer of cotton batting placed be-

Dia. 3.

tween material and crinoline will greatly improve the appearance, especially where the fabric is not very close and compact.

To make a milliner's fold, which is a name given to a fold with its own piping, cut the material double the width you wish the fold to be when finished. Next turn down the top edge about three-eighths of an inch and then turn the lower edge up about one-quarter of an inch, turning both these edges to the left or underside. Now bring up the lower edge to within one-eighth of an inch from the top edge and baste together.

There are various ways of finishing this fold, one being to slipstitch both ends together and then adjust it to the garment by means of the same stitches. Or, it can be stitched with the machine and fastened to the dress with slip-stitches.

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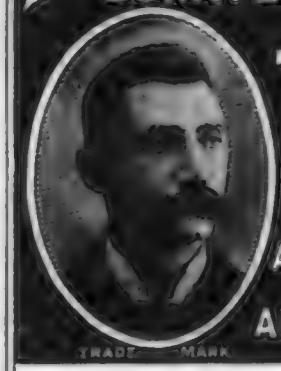

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CHILDREN'S DRESSES,

(Described on page 21.)

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

One of woman's decided missions in life is making the best of the inevitable. Whatever her position may be, she is constantly called upon to do this. If she is wise, she performs it gracefully; if she is not, she worries, and makes things ten times worse. There was an emphatic theory among a certain school of philosophers, which stated that if we could see things in the same light as Providence, we would never alter the programme of life. Byron, cynic as he was, also was of the same idea. And that there is something of importance in this is constantly being proved by the way in which disagreeable episodes reveal later their good intentions, and the happy fact that thunder clouds nearly always have a silver lining.

But there is a woman who will never be induced to see this. Providence, Nature and humanity, she believes, have singled her out as the victim of their ill-will. They each have a special design on her. She talks to you in pathetic strains of the luck and the success of others, and tearfully asks you what has she ever done that deserves such ill-treatment from an unjust world? Change the subject as often as you will, but she always returns to her pet grievance. Try, in your humble way, to speak kindly of Providence, or to defend humanity, and for your pains you will be branded by her as an unsympathetic, cold-hearted monster.

There is a delightful fable by Addison, which must have been specially writtten for people like the foregoing; but its moral comes home to all, and its truth is absolute. It states that Jupiter summoned all afflicted mortals to one of the haunts of the gods. There they were told to exchange their individual grievances, and all picked, as they thought, very much more endurable ones from among those of their neighbors. Thus the man with domestic worries was presented with those of a financial character; the one who was deaf was sure it must be far better to be lame, consequently exchanged; and the woman who had to work hard in her own home was convinced it must be delightful to be a fashionable belle, and was prepared to endure any consideration for the exchange, and so on. In less than a week, Addison tells how all these were on bended knees, imploring to have undone their previous desires, and be given back their original troubles. The moral is, indeed, forcible. One of the commonest things in life is to find us all envying, or at all events, commenting strongly on the happiness of others, to the detriment of our own. "Oh! if I were in your place, how happy I'd be!" is, when talking to our lucky acquaintances, constantly on the lips of many of us. If they are candid, they straightforwardly answer, "Be content"; if they are reticent, they inwardly conclude, "If you knew but half, you would decide differently."

Making the best of it is undoubtedly a very difficult undertaking, often involving an outlay of good nature, unselfishness and good manners. In trifles the art is frequently best exhibited. To smile when an express we were determined to catch leaves the depot directly we arrive, surely demands an heroic effort; to appear gracious when an awkward dancer tears, by some clumsy action, a priceless lace flounce; or to seem gracious and smiling when some guest we especially needed to brighten a dinner party wires to say he has been unavoidably prevented at the last moment, are actions that require all our might to make the best of them. But trials, great and small, assume only half their proportions if accepted cordially, and we live them down with a little time and patience.

A woman who has the rare accomplishment of making the best of it is one of Creation's most unique comforts, for she scatters the magic of her charm in all directions. When others grieve, she smiles; when they sigh, she laughs. She understands thoroughly the delight of living, and in that fact submerges all paltry annoyances. She knows, too, that making the best of it is a wonderful preservative of youth and beauty, and, like a sensible woman, adopts the course. She makes allowances for circumstances, and adapts herself to them. She has her struggles, like others, but always emerges triumphant, simply because optimism is her guiding star and good sense her immediate conductor.

* * *

HER DANCE CARD.

A dainty trifle, silk and lace,
All white and palest blue;
A pencil hangs below the place
Where it is bent in two.

A silken cord upon her arm
So soft, and round, and white,
Suspends, secure from every harm,
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance;
The ball has just begun,
But some one's taken every dance,
She might have saved me one.

I look along the list of names,
And looking there I see
That every waltz some fellow claims
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way
I fear is scarce polite.
But, as I turn, I hear her say,
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,
She whispers, "Don't look blue;
You might have known it all the while,
The D was meant for you!"

—S. D. S., in Life.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR DAINTY EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery on linen becomes more and more beautiful with each day, and countless women are aware of the charm which lies in making dainty things to adorn their own home or as presents for some dear friend who will value the time and labor spent in working them. The illustrations on this page show a variety of beautiful designs, which contain many suggestions and ideas.

For the society girl the books for addresses and engagements should prove very attractive. The cover in both cases is white linen, embroidered with colored silks in graceful and pleasing designs. A ribbon bow

in one of the tints used in the embroidery makes a pretty finish.

Another book illustrated will make a pretty receptacle for clippings of different kinds, especially for the housewife who is anxiously cutting recipes, etc., from her favorite papers and magazines. If she has a nice little book in which to keep them, she will find them doubly valuable.

Two pretty pillows or cushions are also shown. The smaller one has a spray of poppies and leaves and a dainty scroll, all worked in delicately

colored silks on either silk or satin, and framed with a ruffle of shaded satin ribbon. The second one is also embroidered with poppies after the edge has been tinted a sage green to match the silks used in the leaves. It is edged with a heavy silk cord, showing three shades of green. A tan shaded with brown also makes up handsomely, and will look well with the coloring used in the poppies.

A pretty photograph frame is also illustrated, embroidered with sprays of wild roses and graceful rococo scrolls, and, finally, the curling iron holder will be a very acceptable little article for my lady's boudoir.

The newest fad in pillows is to make them of sheer batiste or lawn, and embroider them *au plumetis* with fine white linen embroidery thread. The particular beauty of this kind of embroidery lies in the raised effect, which is gained by a great deal of padding.

Some beautiful things in the line of doilies are found in recent importations of Irish needlework, consisting of point lace, crochet, tatting or white embroidery. A few of the doilies have either a square or a circular piece of cambric or linen, bordered with a pretty crochet edging.

Circular ones of white net are surrounded with tatting, and show in the center a small appliqué of shamrocks in finest lawn. Dainty round ones, entirely of linen, have circles of lace fillings running above an edging of wee vandykes, carefully buttonholed, while in the middle is a small initial in satin stitch. On the wing of a butterfly embroidered in the corner of a handkerchief, are skillfully introduced tiny cyphers, as if inlaid. More diaphanous for the same purpose is a medallion of net work woven or, better, wrought with the needle and enclosing initials, also in satin stitch.

Here is a charming example: An elongated and interlaced monogram over two inches long is enclosed in a pendent medallion, drooping from the inevitable lover's knot, partly in satin stitch and partly drawn work. The whole device is placed slantwise in the center of a pillow made of the most transparent Swiss mull, which has a projecting double hem about one inch deep. Nothing can be more chaste and exquisite than this device, provided the cover fits the cushion to a nicety without wrinkle or crease. It then shows to perfection the beauty of the plumetis and gracefulness of the design thrown into relief by the

delicate tint of the silk. Other less formal covers are decorated with drawn work, comprising a half-inch insertion near the hem, or ruffle, with a second row about double the

width, which serves as a frame to a large initial or monogram, occasionally supplemented with a bird or spray. Still newer is a cordon of openwork, boldly describing a four-leaf clover, with elongated lobes or arches, and its inward points meeting under a large circular heart filled with lace stitches.

The ornamentation of chatelaine bags continues to absorb the atten-

tion of many workers, who lavish on chamois, steel arabesques, interblended sometimes with scrolls of white silk cord, entwined with steel or aluminium threads, or break the monotony of large masses of steel bead embroidery or knitting by inserting a large fluer de lys amidst a sprinkling of smaller ones in jet or navy blue beads.

Wealthy Parisians for their *toilettes des grands jours* still patronize bands and incrustations of light-colored taffeta enriched with exquisite sprays, wreaths and bouquets from the hands of genuine artists, and touched up according to the whim of the hour by the embroidress.

CHILDREN'S DRESSY FROCKS.

(Described on page 21.)

The House Wife

THE CARE OF THE KITCHEN.

No room in the house is so important as the kitchen, and yet this is often the very one which is most neglected. It is just here where the test comes in as to whether the cook is capable, and the mistress personally interested in the welfare of her house. From the kitchen comes health or disease, according to whether the food is carefully prepared or not, and the utensils used are clean or dirty. Nothing is more disgusting than an untidy, ill-kept kitchen, and, unless care be taken to keep it absolutely clean, cockroaches, mice, blackbeetles, and other horrors will soon make their appearance, and great difficulty will be experienced in getting rid of them.

Many kitchens are thrown into a state of hopeless confusion should there be any extra work on hand, such as baking or jam-making. The table is strewn from "end to side" with a heterogeneous mass of articles, many of them having absolutely nothing to do with the work in hand. Pots and pans lie on every available chair, while knives and forks, cups and saucers, and other utensils are piled "higgledy-piggledy" on the dresser. In the middle of all this litter stands cook, very irritable, and utterly unable to find anything she wants. Well, it is her own fault, but the mistress is also a great deal to blame for allowing such a state of things to exist.

Regular days should be kept for cleaning certain things, and these days should be strictly adhered to. A dirty sink should never be allowed. Everything adhering to it should be carefully scraped off, and, if an open-wire dish be placed over the strainer, it will be found a great help in keeping out crumbs, etc. Every night, boiling water, in which a little soda or potash has been dissolved, should be poured down it; this will remove any material from the sink, and prevent the pipes getting clogged with grease. Should a sink become very dirty, dissolve a piece of washing soda, about the size of an egg, in half a pailful of hot water, and, taking a coarse brush, use half the water to give it a good scrubbing, and then wash it out again with the remaining half; sinks are better for this treatment once a week.

The kitchen table also requires constant attention. If it has become discolored, a layer of wood ashes, previously made into a liquid paste with water, should be spread on it overnight. The next day all the ashes should be brushed off, and the table well scrubbed with soap and rain water. Dish cloths should also be carefully attended to, and spread out to dry when not in use, and dish towels should be rinsed after using, and hung in front of the fire.

A rule should be made, and adhered to as far as possible, to wash every article, and put it in its place after it has been used. If this cannot always be done, the things should be placed in a big dish pan full of water as soon as they have been emptied of their contents. Pans should never be allowed to stand, or be put on a stove without being first filled with water.

* * *

HOLIDAY SWEETS.

Fondant is the foundation of a large number of bon-bons. To make this well needs practice and great care. Take a teacupful of sugar, half a teacupful of water, a small pinch of cream of tartar, and place them in a copper stewpan over a gas jet. Stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved. Wipe away any crystals that form round the edge of the pan by means of a wetted brush, to keep the main portion from granulating. When large bubbles begin to rise, drop a little of the mixture into a cup of cold water, and then try if it can be rolled into a soft ball on your marble slab. If so, oil your slab or large flat dish, and pour out the sugar on it. When the mass is cool enough to show a depression when pressed by the finger-tip, stir and work it thoroughly, at first with a wooden spoon, and then with the hands, until you have a creamy white paste. This can be molded to taste, and colored and flavored in innumerable ways, which will readily suggest themselves if I indicate one or two. Roll a piece of fondant, and press an almond into it lengthwise. Roll a piece of fondant into a ball, and dust it with chopped pistachio nut or almonds. Color a piece of fondant green with vegetable coloring, and hollow out a cavity, in which place a glacé cherry.

Some bon-bons are of a more "candy" nature, but all permit different kinds of manipulation.

The Apple of Paris

There are so many more pleasant topics for beauty sermons that I have continually avoided the subject of facial eruptions. But the demand for information in this line has been piling up into such enormous proportions that I have decided to have it all out and done for this month. And I do most sincerely hope that you who read will also clip and save, so that—to-morrow—I shall not find my desk completely covered, like a crocus-bed under a snowdrift, with forty odd thousand plaintive appeals: "Please, what shall I do for a horrid little red place on my chin?" or "I have a perfectly awful pimple on my forehead, and if it doesn't go away pretty soon I don't know what I shall do." Sometimes I get utterly discouraged and feel sure that if I sent a bulky circular to every woman in Christendom half of them would rise up and say that just what they wanted to know wasn't there.

But to return to our muttons:

Those distressing little spots that come out on your face are caused by various physical disorders. Now, how much more rational is it to find the seat of a trouble and do away with that, instead of groping around sadly for some little lotion to dabble on your face and pin your faith to? And it is ten chances to one that the little lotion won't do a particle of good, for, so long as the cause is there, the effect is pretty likely to follow along in its trail.

With most women the cause is indigestion of some sort or other. On this I have long since ceased to marvel, inasmuch as for the last few years I have been in the habit of lunching at the various tea rooms with women friends. I have seen these poor deluded feminine mortals munch pickles and eat beefsteak pie while they dilated tearfully upon the woes of a bad complexion. The combinations that girls and women get when they order lunches are appalling enough to raise the hair right off one's head, most particularly if one has any idea at all of the general rules of hygiene and health. Only last week I saw a pretty girl order a glass of milk and some of the most indigestible pastry under the sun. I did not say anything at the time, but it won't be long before she will come to me with a face as long as your arm and the most doleful of doleful looks in her eye. And when she starts in to tell me all about these dreadful, dreadful facial afflictions—well, my dears—I will be ready for it.

It is just as easy to put beautifying foods into your stomach if you will but once make up your mind to it. And what a host of trouble it will save you. Not only in cosmetics, girls, but in those horrors of horrors, doctor's bills. What you eat is the fuel that keeps the engine of life going. Good food makes good, strong muscles, pure blood and a fair, healthy, firm skin. If there are troublesome little blotches on your face then mend your eating ways, even though it breaks your heart to give up those awful indigestible little dainties that you dote on so religiously. In place of the pastries and the sweets and the pickles and the highly spiced dishes, substitute fruit and vegetables. Save all those quarters and dollars that you invest in sweets, and instead exchange them for lemons and oranges that will help drive the unsightly pimples and red blemishes away. If possible, make your entire breakfast of fruit, being careful though not to combine the fruit with cereals. If the apples and oranges and peaches and pears do not make active the digestive organs, then go to a reliable druggist and have the harmless and excellent prescription made up: Extract of dandelion, one dram; powdered rhubarb, q. s. Divide into three and one-half grain pills and take one every night, or oftener if necessary.

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Fig. 231. Bust, 34, 40.

Fig. 206. Suit. Bust, 28.

Fig. 131. Bust, 32, 34, 36.

Fig. 135. Bust, 32, 36.

Fig. 248. Suit. Bust, 26.

Fig. 235. Bust, 36.

Fig. 233. Bust, 36.

Fig. 227. Skirt, 24. Bust, 34, 36.

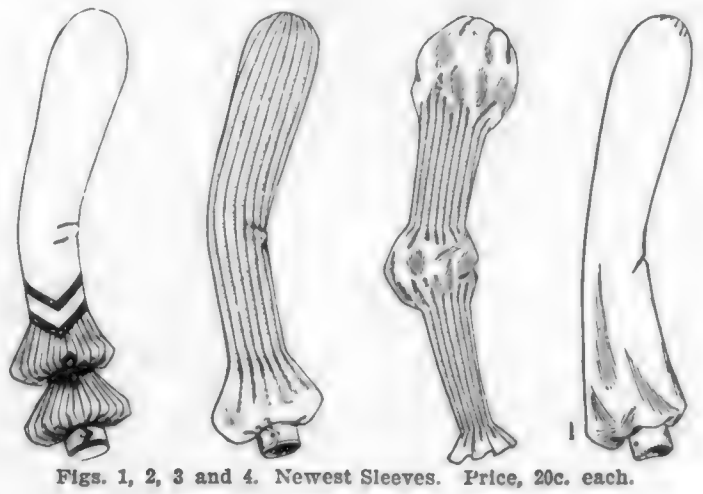

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Fig. 229. Skirt, 24. Bust, 34, 36, 38.

Fig. 230. Bust, 36.

Fig. 132. Bust, 34, 36.

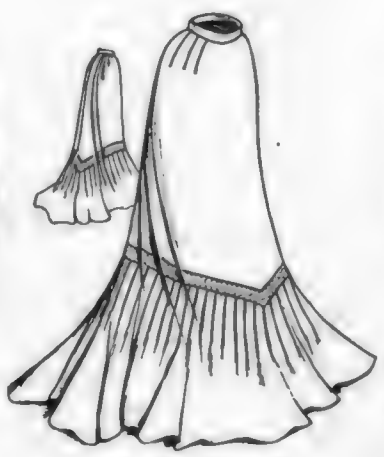

Fig. 223. Skirt, 22.

Fig. 109. Bust, 32, 34 and 36.

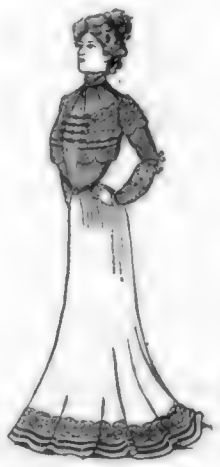

Fig. 122. Bust, 36.

Fig. 239. Skirt, 22, 24.

Fig. 136. Bust, 36.

Fig. 234. Bust, 36.

Fig. 207. Suit. Bust, 26, 31.

Fig. 90. Bust, 32, 36. Skirt, 38, 21.

Fig. 208. Suit. Bust, 30.

Fig. 127. Bust, 36.

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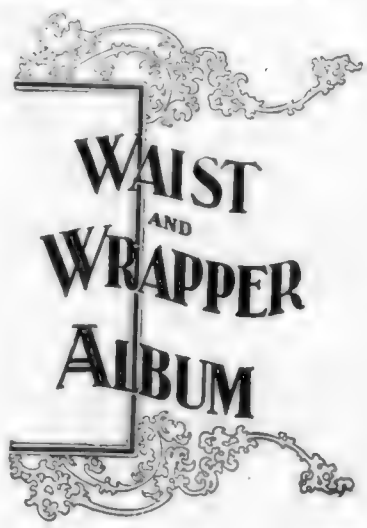

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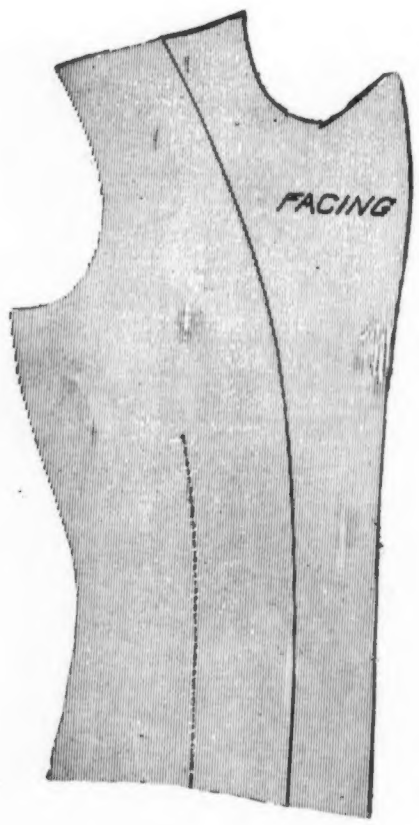
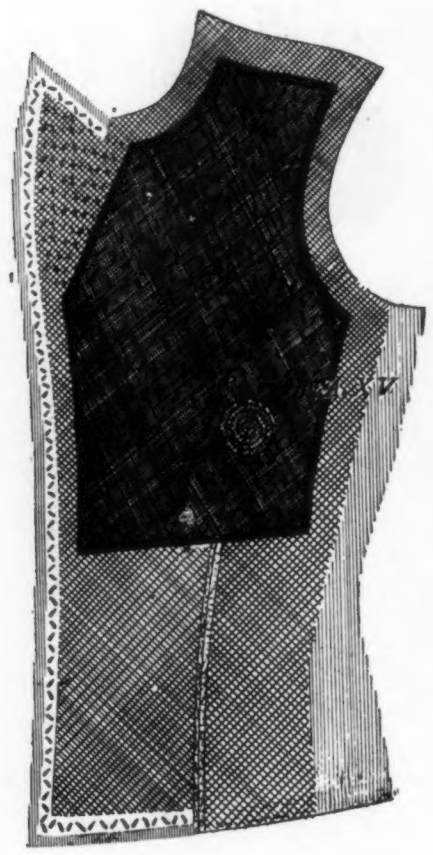


DIA. X



FOURTH LESSON ON COAT MAKING.

GETTING READY FOR SECOND TRY-ON.

Having the canvas and hair-cloth in, the lapels padded, and the coat the proper length and shape at the bottom, then baste the plaits at the back edge of the Side Body below the waist, if plaits are to be used. Make the "tack" in the center of the back, and you are ready to trim away the canvas and stay the edge. To do this we cut the canvas away from the edge, the width we desire to turn in the cloth, about ¼ inch. Then baste a narrow strip of some firm material that will not stretch, such as a piece of tape, as shown along the edge in Diagram XV. In putting this on, it is usually put on just a little tight along the lapel to cause it to roll, but from the bottom of the lapel down the front and across the bottom it is put on a little tighter to steady the edge. Sometimes the stay is only put on the front part, but if put all around, it makes a more firm or solid edge. The "Stay" should now be pressed before turning in the cloth.

PUTTING ON FACING, TURNING THE EDGE, ETC.

The facing can now be put on the Front. Lay the cloth facing shown in Diagram X, on the Front, with the right sides of the cloth together, and seam along the edge, then turning the facing over. Some persons prefer to turn in the edge first, pressing it down good and hard, then lay the facing on as shown in Diagram XVI. After this is done, baste the facing over, and see that it fits perfectly at the top and bottom. Turn in the edge of the cloth facing to the outside or front part. Then serge the back edge of the facing down with a tight stitch as far as the canvas goes, or to the bottom.

When the facing has been fastened in very firm, then the front, and in fact the whole coat should be given a complete pressing, and when this is done, you should stitch the edge. The number of rows of stitching varies from one to five to suit the customer, and the distance or space between each row may be determined at the same time.

MAKING THE COLLAR.

You are now ready to make the collar, which is shown by Diagram XVII. The collar is in two parts, known as the upper and under collar, part of which is called the "stand". Diagram XVII represents the under part, and the upper is about the same size and shape with the exception that it is cut about ¾ inch larger all around. There is not very much instruction necessary in making the upper or top collar as it is usually all in one piece and is simply a covering for the under on which most of the work is done. We now begin by sewing the center line in the collar marked B diagram XVIII, after which the seam is pressed open. The next step is to prepare the canvas, which should be well shrunk. Lay the cloth collar on the canvas so it comes on a true bias, cutting the canvas so it is ½ to ¾ inches larger than the cloth. You then begin stitching the standing part or "Stand" of the collar, as shown by the lower part of diagram XVII. The stitching may be about ¼ inch apart, after which you begin to sew the part above that with padding stitches as shown in the same diagram.

As padding with regular "padding stitches" was fully explained in a previous lesson and shown in Diagram XV, we will not describe it here. When the padding is finished the collar should be pressed, stretching the lower edge, and the upper edge as shown in Diagram XVII. In doing this, it will make the collar lay smoother about the outer edge, when on the coat, so it will not bind. You now measure the neck of the coat, and make the lower edge of the collar the same length, allowing ½ inch extra to be turned in. Next cut the edge of the canvas back from the edge of the cloth for about ¼ inch and turn over the cloth, fastening it firm to the canvas and press the edge. Then, basting the top collar on, and turning in the edge, the collar is now ready to be put on the coat.

DIA. XVII

To make a Tailor Made garment properly requires considerable practice, even when a pupil is so fortunate as to get the instruction from a first-class Tailor.

In the next lesson we will give instruction on the Sleeve, which is a very important part of the garment. The coat will then be ready for the second try-on.

DIA. XVIII

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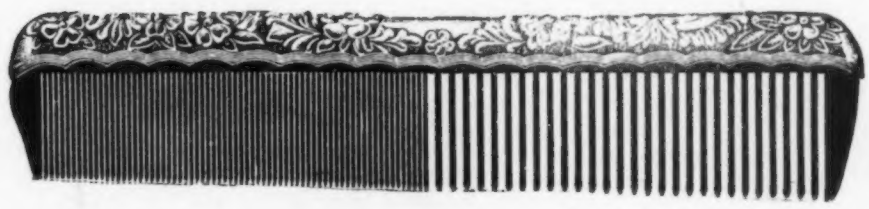

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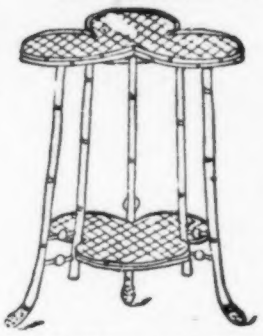

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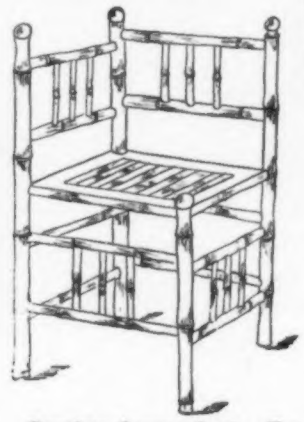

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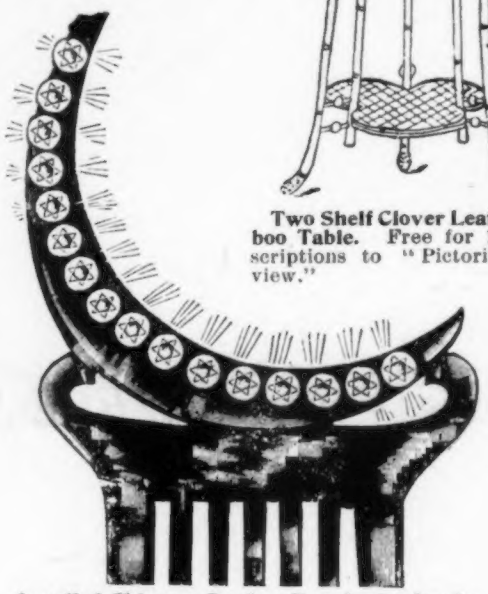

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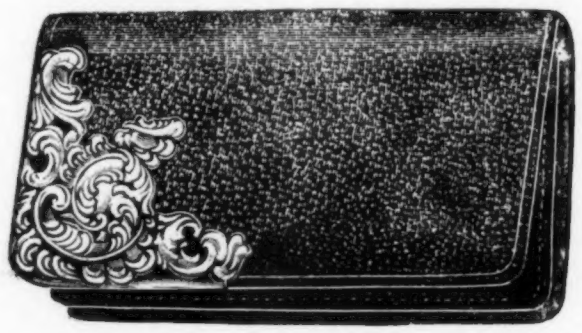

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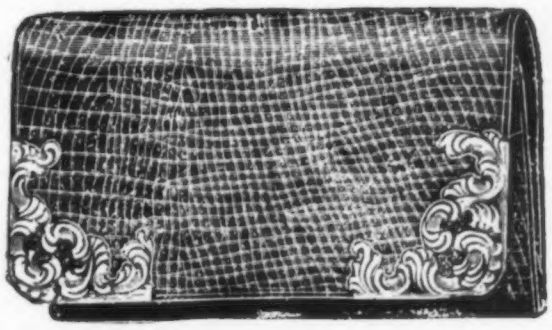

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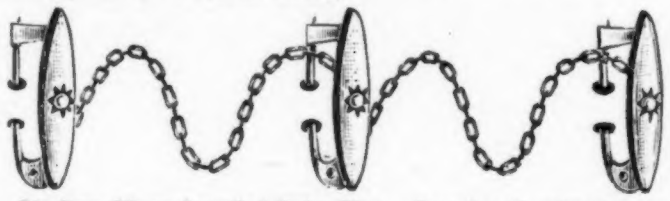

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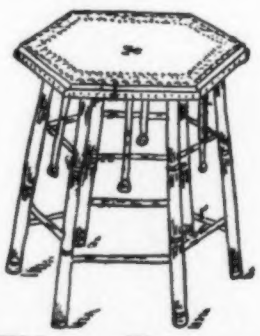

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